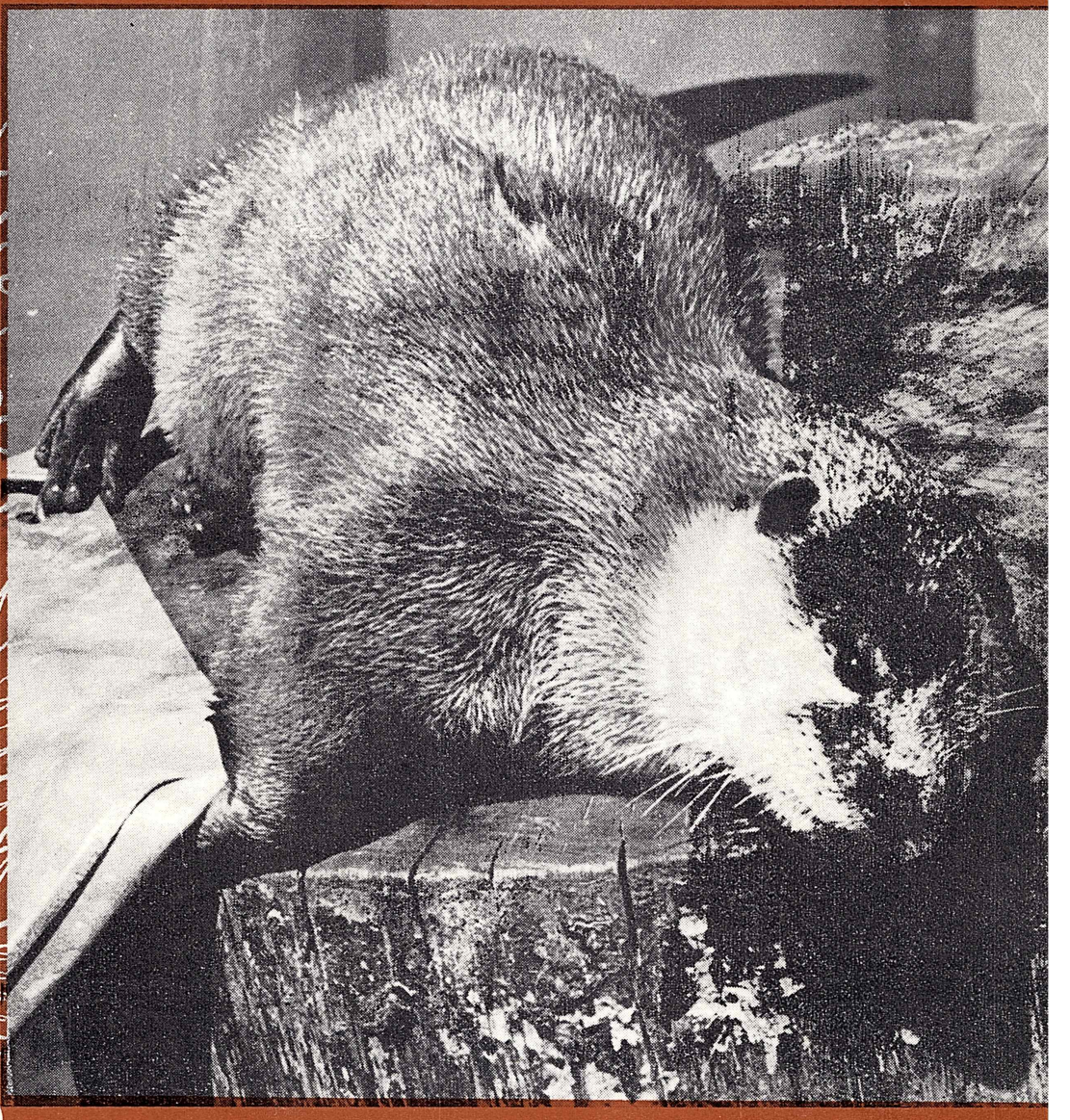
The National Sportsman's Magazine

NEW ZEALAND OUTDOOR

FISHING • SHOOTING • WILDLIFE



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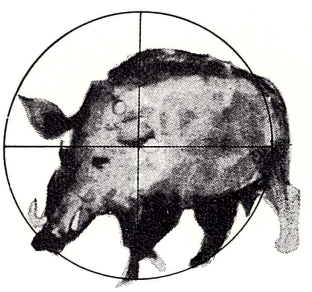

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Vol. 39, No. 4 August, 1974

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COVER PICTURE

"Life get's tedious don't it."

Photo shows one of the otters at the North Brighton Zoo and Aquarium sunbathing. (Story page 10.)

(Photographs by Bill Gamble)

A monthly magazine devoted to fishing, shooting, wildlife and kindred sports. Published by Associated Publications, P.O. Box 236, Masterton, to whom all correspondence should be addressed.

The Editor is prepared to consider articles and stories of interest to the outdoorsman, particularly if accompanied with suitable illustrations or glossy black and white photographs. Contributions other than those for "What's On Your Mind?" will be paid for on the 20th of the month following publication. No material submitted will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The publishers will take all care but will not be liable for accidental loss or damage to any material submitted. Contributions should preferably be typewritten and double spaced, and sender's name and address should be indicated on back of copy, photographs etc. While the publishers wish to cover as wide a range of views as possible, it must be understood that opinions expressed in articles or stories are not necessarily those of the publishers.

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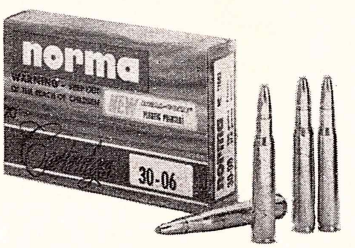

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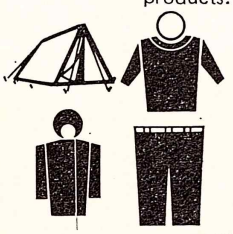

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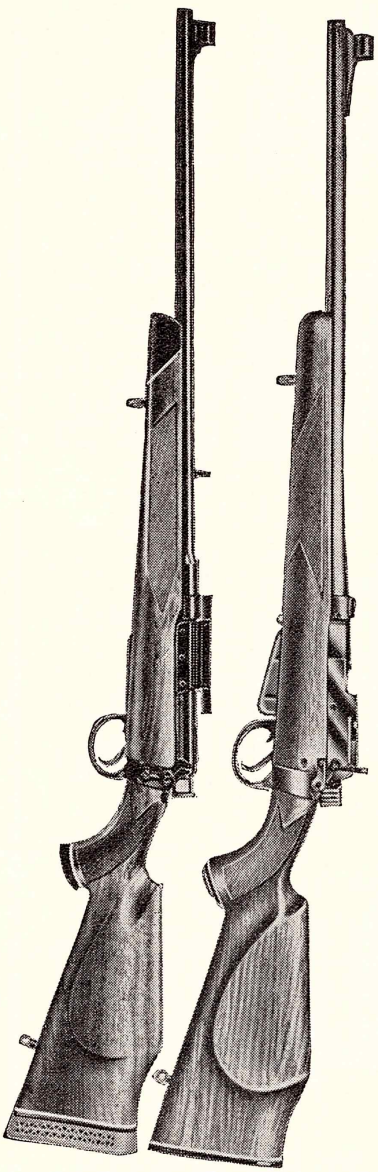

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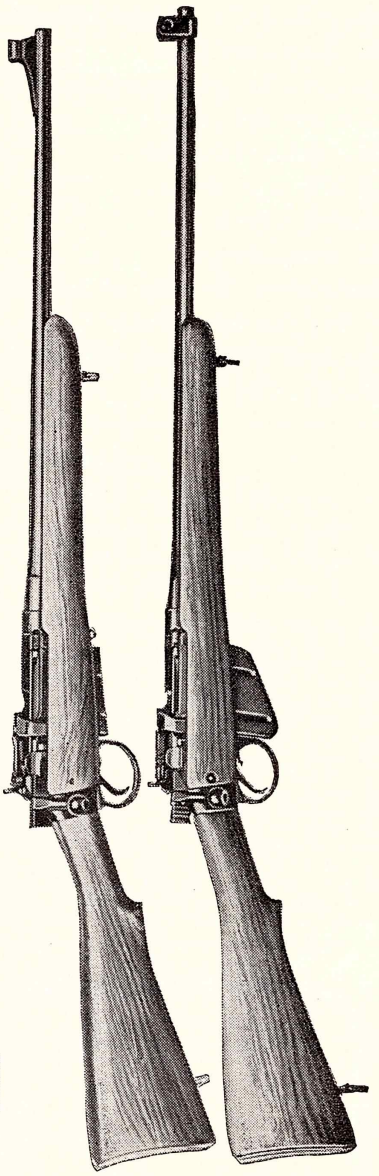

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Editorial...

SURVIVAL?

A statement by Mr Warren Freer, Cabinet Minister, that economic expansion is the means of survival is not calculated to inspire confidence in the foresight of the Government or its environmental policies. The dollar sign has for too long been the sole consideration of development policies. It is the root cause behind any controversy which has angered sportsmen and conservationists for the reason, that indiscriminate exploitation is usually instigated by commercial interests.

TAKEOVER SPORTSMEN?

The plans of the Government to restructure the Acclimatisation Society organisation to suit their ends, have had many unsatisfactory aspects.

Now comes a set of draft regulations. Informed sources point that the regulations went through the Crown Law Office in December 1972 and were headed with the date 1973. This raises the question — for how long have the Departments and the National Executive of Acclimatisation Societies known about them, while individual Societies and licence holders have been left in the dark?

Rumour has it the Government Departments did intend Acclimatisation Societies to have plentiful time to study the proposals but Government realising next year is election year, wanted the regulations passed into law this year.

The whole basis of departments endeavouring to interfere with the statutory powers of Acclimatisation Societies, is also open to question.

Many questions need to be asked and answered over the whole matter.

WHOSE NATIONAL PARK?

Press reports of animals killed in National Parks by commercial operators, seem to contravene the spirit of the National Parks Act. As stated some time ago, in our controversial wapiti editorial, private profit making in the public's parks have no justification.

It is "Outdoor's" contention that profits from such public park lands should be returned to the management of the park and not into the pockets of commercial exploiters. ■

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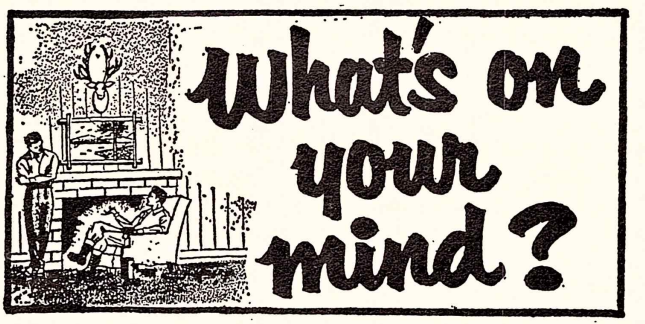

Reply from N.Z. Forest Service

Sir,—I would like to correct a statement entitled *"Less Bush"*, made by a correspondent "Upset (Wellington)" which was printed in your June 1974 issue.

The Forest Service has no plans to provide a road into the Tauherenikau hut in the southern part of the Tararua Forest Park. Only the walking track from the present Kaitoke parking area is to be upgraded as it is overgrown with gorse and deeply entrenched in places. Your correspondent does not state the source of his information and I would like to ask, through your columns, that all persons who hear of what they consider undesirable developments in any State forest area, first check with their local Forest Service office as to the validity of their information.

For the benefit of your readers I would point out that no road can be constructed in any Forest Park without my prior personal approval, after receiving the opinion of the Forest Park Advisory Committee.

I would be grateful if you would print my reply to "Upset (Wellington)".

Yours etc.—M. J. CONWAY (Director - General of Forests).

Commercial Interests (May 1974)

Sir,—(1) The N.Z. Fish and Wildlife Investigation Movement was formed with one object. "The setting up of a committee of inquiry into all aspects of legislation, research, administration and field management of freshwater fisheries and wildlife as authorised by the Wildlife Act and the Fisheries Act and any other matters incidental."

(2) A deputation waited on the then deputy Prime Minister, Mr Marshall, in 1967 with this demand which was granted on the spot.

(3) The movement did not present any evidence to the subsequent Commission of Inquiry!

These are the facts!

Now "Taupo Tiger" might like to elaborate on the insinuations of his letter, May 1974, under his own name.

Yours etc.—D. J. HUGHEY (President, N.Z. Fish & Wildlife Investigation Movement).

Gone Are The Good Old Days

Sir,—You think you have heard hard luck stories.

In May of this year two friends and I spent two full days (daylight to dark) walking into the Lansborough River. At long last we pitched our tent at the mouth of Zora Creek and made plans for the "big hunt".

On the way up the valley we often saw helicopters buzzing about — but never saw any deer etc. and very little sign of game. However we felt confident that chamois and tahr would be found in the upper reaches of the valley.

Next day, bright and early, we set off up to the bush. For two hours we did not see any hoof prints or droppings — then we saw our first deer — **hanging under a helicopter.** We watched for almost an hour as the helicopter worked back and forth across the tree tops with its siren screaming, but with little success.

An hour later later an orange jet helicopter roared overhead and systematically worked up and down the creeks from the valley floor to the snowgrass tops. For 35 minutes it bagged two chamois for approximately 20 shots.

It then disappeared from sight further up the valley.

By early afternoon we were creeping along the bush edge on the tops and still no sign of game. Then success! About 100 yards away in a clearing stood a hind. When we were almost within rifle range the deer dash off into the bush.

A minute later the helicopter came screaming up the valley.

We headed down the slopes to our camp . . . mighty brassed off.

Next morning it started to drizzle and we thought, boy oh boy, no helicopters today. At about 9 o'clock a helicopter came over the tops and worked up and down the creeks and over all the slips. It was still pounding away when the orange jet helicopter we had watched the previous day also arrived on the scene. It hunted all over the opposite side of the valley. They worked for at least three hours and took about ten animals from a vast area.

This then was the programme for every day we spent up the "mighty Lansborough".

Six months prior to this I had been in the same area and it wasn't too bad gamewise. **Not so today.**

Later we were told that we should have gone right into the headwaters where we would have possibly got ourselves a tahr — but it was only a possibility.

As I see it the hunting has had it in many places now and it is just a "tramping" sport.

Gone are the good old days!

Yours etc.—RETIRED HUNTER (Mosgiel).

On the Brink of Change

Sir,—As a re-arrival in New Zealand of five months, I was surprised to read of the formation of Ducks Unlimited in New Zealand.

Not to detract from its success overseas, I have to side with "Taupo Tiger" and his comments in the May '74 issue after reading the printed message from Ducks Unlimited.

Your editorial is another point to consider, and the amount of bickering within existing groups is turning shooters off.

I was referred back to "The Secret Society" when I enquired locally about game prospects and management policy.

A Nelson newspaper report carried an interview with a local ranger who, in reply to the question of altering the opening day for the duckshooting season, stated that the opening date was "traditional". (Australia varies its opening days each year, according to the availability of birds, seasonal and conservation considerations etc.) I haven't met a duck yet that thought much of tradition.

A National Fishing and Shooting licence? A great idea.

As for the Government making a hog of itself and running things to suit its own ends — a national magazine such as *Outdoor* could set the trend and put shooters on the right track — the N.R.A. of America does. Shooters in New Zealand are only requiring a lead. It happened in Australia with the Victorian Field and Game Association. The shooters put their own house in order and pressured the Government for licensing of shooters. An organisation that lobbies Government parties — and gets results — because it carries a big voting stick and money that the shooters earn.

Unlike D.U. (N.Z.) they don't want a $10 membership and "may require you to work one day a year counting ducks". They want men and boys who love wildlife, but who will donate all the time they can erecting nest boxes, planting cover, or anything that will make it easier for ducks or wildlife to breed.

Money is raised by creating "simulated field" shooting grounds. The branch I joined started with a hand thrower and two sheets of iron for a trap house. They now possess eight traps, seven acres of "simulated" ground area, D.T.L., a cookhouse, and the clubrooms are next. On top of that, $1,200 a year towards acquisition of wetlands and 1,500 nest boxes ensures that the feathered species have a chance.

The shooting scene in New Zealand is trembling on the brink of a great change. There are a lot of good men associated with game shooting in New Zealand. As an observer on my third trip to New Zealand, and those distances apart, I have seen a decline of what was and could be.

Your magazine is one that presents an honest, straight forward and unbiased view. Were it that I could, I would charge you with the chance to guide those who would follow.

Yours etc.—PETER MILNER (Nelson).

Stand Up And Be Counted

Sir,—I must congratulate *New Zealand Outdoor* on a vigorous approach to the subjects that apparently most publications avoid! While I can't (as yet!) use a fishing rod, nor am I even likely to shoot (don't like firearms) — I read your May 1974 issue with deep interest and enjoyment.

The editorial provides some hard thinking, and poses some questions. When it comes to an area, surely it is of more value to have people who **know that area** serving it via their Acclimatisation Society, and duly elected through the ballot box — provided, of course, that the ones elected understand the needs of the area and are not concerned with vested interests!

I enjoyed "The Good Tidings" by Tony Orman, especially since I found an article written by him in a May 1969 *New Zealand Outdoor*, "The Future of the Outdoors" — prophetic indeed.

To me, the most exciting part was the Manapouri Rebrew Interview — questions by Ben Hope to Mr Ron McLean, leader and chairman of the 'Save Manapouri Campaign'. Here indeed, is shown very clearly the sacrifices that this man has made, and is still prepared to make in defence of his country's future, and so that generations to come may also share the beauty of our National Parks.

Isn't it about time that **we all** got behind this man and supported him in his battle against the tyranny of big business? I for one am prepared to do so — let me quote: "Teach him to sell his brawn and brains to the highest bidder — but never put a price-tag on his heart and soul."

Ron McLean is one of an increasing number who are prepared to stand up and be counted, so what about it? Surely our pioneering spirit isn't dead!

Yours etc.—W. De La Haye (Napier).

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CONSERVATION NEWS

by JOHN McNAB

Mercury Risk Or Not

Mr Frank D. Robson, of Hawke's Bay, has accused the Government of apathy to high levels of pesticides and mercury in sea fish. Mr Robson was awarded a medal by the Netherlands Museum in recognition of his research work. Unable to get analysis of fish done in New Zealand, Mr Robson had the fish and mammals anaylsed by Dutch scientists.

Fish Farming

"The Government intended to encourage the farming of eels, salmon and freshwater crayfish," said Mr A. Faulknor, for the Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries in Parliament recently.

Comment: The Government seems oblivious or ignorant of many salmanoid diseases being common to trout and salmon.

Gold Fever

Amoil Ltd., owner of the gold dredge on the Taramakau River in Westland, wants to shift the machine to the Grey River. An organisation of objectors to the move has been formed. Called the "Save Grey Valley Action Committee", a spokesman said that the Grey Valley residents were not prepared to sell out the environment just for a bit of gold.

Beech Forests

Further expert opposition to the Government proposals to mill South Island beech forests comes from Dr. D. R. McQueen, senior lecturer in the Botany Department, Victoria University of Wellington.

"Are our foresters really applying their ecology. I doubt it and so indeed did their professional body in 1972, when the N.Z. Institute of Foresters said there had been insufficient research in some aspects of the scheme."

Dr. McQueen advocated the planting of exotics in marginal lands alongside or outside native forests.

"This would seem better than destroying a balanced forest environment and replacing it by one whose potential, at least in Westland, is still so little known."

Comalco . . .

Comalco was supplied with power from the National Grid for 10 days, revealed the Minister of Electricity recently. Meanwhile throughout the country, various power boards imposed power cuts to the public.

Poronui

The owners of Poronui Station, Anzamco Ltd., have put gates in the 15 fences across the controversial access road through their property to the Kaimanawa Forest Park. The road runs from the Napier–Taupo highway to the 188,000 acre park. For some years deerstalkers have said the station owners were obstructing public access.

A case was brought in the Magistrate's Court this year when deerstalkers charged the Taupo County Council with failing to act on a ratepayers' petition calling for the removal of the fences.

The gates are now all marked and the owners have given a written assurance that they will not be locked.

Pollution Of The Oceans

The explorer Thor Heyerdahl warned delegates at the Law of the Sea conference that the greatest danger people faced in the world was pollution of the oceans. He said the conference, being held in Caracas, Venezuela, was the most important ever held.

"But I'm much concerned because I have the feeling that the delegates, most of whom seem to be lawyers and politicians, are discussing how to divide and make the best use of an apple which is on the way to rotting," Heyerdahl said. "And they leave it rotting while they try to find a way to divide it. Time is running out. The main problem of the ocean is that we are polluting it in a way that we cannot repair the damage."

Trouble Feared

Duck shooters in the Bay of Plenty fear violence could break out if the system for allocating shooting stands is not changed.

The prediction was made at the annual conference of the Rotorua Conservancy Fishing and Shooting Federation with the Department of Internal Affairs at Tokoroa.

The past president of the federation, Mr D. P. Ellery of Rotorua, said there had been several incidents last season with shooters disputing good positions, and one elderly man had been literally pushed out of his stand.

"Ethics and etiquette have gone out the window . . . There will be big trouble," Mr Ellery said.

The federation asked the department to give the shooters legal rights to stands which they used the preceding year.

The conservator of wildlife in Rotorua, Mr P. J. Burstall, said the request would be considered. But he did not favour it because shooters would be given private rights over Crown Land.

Another remit adopted by the conference asks the department to consider closing to fishing, a Maori-owned lake in Rotorua, the Green Lake, unless it can be properly managed as a trout fishery.

Hunters Killing Off Deer

S.A. Conservation Group Warns:

Poachers, some of them from Victoria, were wiping out South Austrailan deer, conservationists said recently.

The poachers are getting up to $3 a lb. for venison, they said. An average doe has about 90 lb. of meat.

The worst hit area is in the south-east of the state, near the Victorian border.

Deer imported from England have roamed wild on one station in the area — Nangwarry — for more than 50 years.

About 30 people, including farmers and "ethical" hunters, have formed the Australian Deer Association. Its president, Mr Paul Convery, said he hoped to set up deer farms throughout the state.

"We have been offered the use of a deer park at nearby Padthaway and we are negotiating for another well-established park at Clare, in the north of the state," he said.

"The association also has been offered other land in the south-east.

"We are only concerned with conserving our present deer species and want to build them up to the status they deserve," he said.

Mr Convery said he was a deerstalker in New Zealand for four years.

Deerstalkers Threaten Political Campaign If Demands Not Met

The New Zealand Deerstalkers Association has threatened to campaign against certain selected Government Ministers to try to oust them at next year's general elections. The Prime Minister, Mr Kirk, received this threat in a telegram recently from the national secretary of the N.Z. Deerstalkers Association, Mr John Murphy.

The deerstalkers want Government action in illegal helicopter operations in Fiordland and what they see as a general decline in opportunities for recreational hunting because of commercial venison interests.

Mr Kirk was told: "The N.Z.D.A. annual conference, after consideration of the current situation in Fiordland and Mount Cook National Parks, expresses grave concern. The conference has resolved unanimously that unless the association's national executive can make progress with its submissions in approaches to Government it will campaign against appropriate Ministers in 1975."

The decision to enter next year's political fray was made behind closed doors at the N.Z.D.A.'s conference at Tauranga.

Political action has been tried before by outdoor sportsmen.

The former National Minister for the Environment and Minister of Forests and Lands, Mr Duncan MacIntyre, was the target at the last elections for the deerstalkers. A concerted political campaign against Mr MacIntyre was mounted with leaflets and public meetings, although Mr Murphy admitted that Mr MacIntyre's defeat at the polls was probably due to a combination of factors. He said the outdoor recreation lobby must have had a strong influence with voters.

The present Minister for the Environment and Minister of Recreation and Sport, Mr Walding, along with Mr Moyle, the Minister of Forests, and Mr Rata, the Minister of Lands, are likely targets for the deerstalkers' campaign.

Angry Sportsmen

Sportsmen in the Rotorua Conservancy Fishing and Shooting Federation are angry that they had not been consulted on wildlife management moves by Government. Delegates to the Federation's annual meeting with the Department of Internal Affairs, in July, said they were sick and tired of having to grovel for information from the Department.

Mr Pat Baker, of Kawerau, said sportsmen felt hot on this subject and felt they had been ignored.

Delegates told the Department they had heard rumours. Sportsmen should have been included in discussion and not after things had been decided.

The chairman of the meeting and the Controller of Wildlife Division of Internal Affairs Department, Mr G. R. Williams, said a recent Cabinet decision had only included Acclimatisation Societies.

Mr J. W. Ridley, M.P. for Taupo, told members that the scheme was flexible.

"I think it is indicative of our flexibility that we have not tried to treat Rotorua and Taupo in the same way as Acclimatisation Society Districts," he said.

Wildlife Administration Moves

(Special to 'N.Z. Outdoor')

Reaction to Government proposals to reorganise Societies of Acclimatisation Districts has been widespread. Latest reactions have centred on the Rotorua-Taupo Government districts.

The Lake Taupo Angling, Shooting and Boating Federation told Government officers that it was worried by moves to reorganise wildlife management.

Members were upset that the federation did not have a representative on the Lake Taupo Reserves Board or the Lake Taupo Advisory Committee.

The president of the federation, Mr O. S. Hintz, said the federation knew by accident rather than by design, that moves had been made to reorganise wildlife management. He said the moves would ration-

alise acclimatisation societies but not the Government administration of wildlife.

"Fisheries will still be divided between the wildlife division of the Department of Internal Affairs and the fisheries division of the Department of Agriculture and Fisheries," he said. "We have seen divisions of opinion and approach to problems before between the departments. The first consideration should be a unified system of control."

The chairman of the meeting, the controller of the wildlife division of the Department of Internal Affairs, Dr. G. R. Williams, said unified Government control of wildlife was good and it could be a possibility in time. Under the current system, he said, there had been no real clashes or duplication of work.

"Personally I would like the federations to have a greater legal say than they have now," said Dr Williams.

The president of the Rotorua federation, Mr D. P. Ellery, said that the problem would be resolved if the Government made the Rotorua and Taupo area an acclimatisation society. ■

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Training Gundogs To Retrieve by John Greenwood

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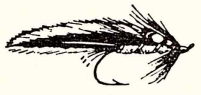

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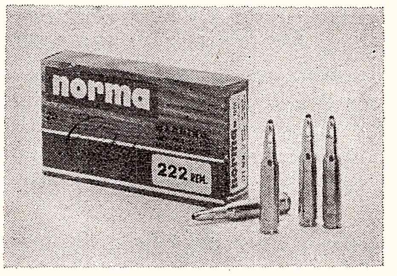

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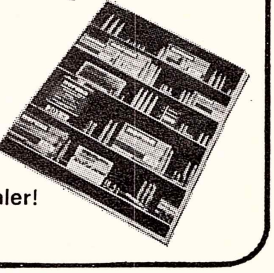

Special 'N.Z. Outdoor' Report . . .

TROUT FISHERMEN TOGETHER

Trout fishermen are not normally gregarious but there are times when they must band together for their own sake and sport.

It was a cold grey day in Turangi, only a few weeks ago, in July of this year. Hardly a day to inspire enthusiasm to be out on the Tongariro, unless one wanted the cold southerly to blow a few cobwebs away by just getting out fishing for the sake of the outing.

But there was enthusiasm among a large group of anglers who had gathered for a meeting. Representatives of various angling clubs from all over the North Island had gathered with one common purpose — to unite the fragmented voices of anglers into one strong voice.

Even the most enthusiastic must have been impressed by the meeting for with resounding support from all present, a National Alliance of anglers is now a reality.

How did the idea all start? The idea is probably not new, but it took two Hawke's Bay anglers, Joe Townsend and Jim Connolly, to project it.

Joe Townsend said the Federation of Hawke's Bay angling clubs had been a resounding success and a powerful weapon in fighting the trout farming threat. The Federation had tackled a number of other matters too, such as access rights, pollution and Government interference in the outdoor sportsman's affairs.

"We even have our own magazine for anglers in Hawke's Bay. More importantly it has brought Hawke's Bay angling groups together. The success immediately raised the question of extending this unification to a national scale."

Joe Townsend, a former President of the Federation of Hawke's Bay Angling Clubs formed a number of years ago and now the patron, was strongly supported in his aim by Jim Connolly, current president of the Hawke's Bay Federation.

"Up to this stage, anglers have been fragmented," said Jim Connolly to the meeting. "It was essential that unity be achieved with the support of all."

The suport was unanimous.

Mr Dick James, of Hamilton, told the meeting that the Alliance should not be a splinter group and would no doubt liase with the Acclimatisation Societies.

Auckland delegates welcomed the formation of the National body, as did Manawatu and Wairarapa delegates.

Mr John Clemance of Hamilton and Taltac said the strength of unity was shown when the Federations got together and sent a five-man deputation to Wellington over trout farming.

Mr J. Connolly said there was much dissatisfaction over Government proposals about which the sportsman had been told nothing. "Let us form it with the strength of those present and others will ultimately come into it. Many areas have not clubs, but sub-branches of Acclimatisation Societies. There is no reason why they could not join or affiliate, as the National Organisation would support any democratic involvement by sportsmen such as Acclimatisation Societies."

The meeting unanimously favoured the formation of the group. Aims were formulated as:—

(1) To protect and further the sport of angling.

(2) To oppose any direct or indirect commercial exploitation of sport fish and fisheries.

(3) To oppose the charging of rights for access or sport to the outdoor sporting public.

(4) To encourage a full democratic voice for anglers in the administration of their sport.

(5) To promote liaison and unification between angling clubs and groups.

(6) To by way of publicity, promote these ideals.

It was decided subscriptions would be $10 minimum donation for groups or clubs and $1 for individual associate members.

A Steering Committee composed of representatives from Hawke's Bay, Wairarapa, Manawatu and Wellington was given authority to arrange a meeting with South Island representatives.

Mr J. Clemance, of Hamilton, said the meeting had been a great success. Much credit was due to the Federation of Hawke's Bay Angling Clubs who by their enthusiasm and energies and success had shown the way.

Mr Clemance said many Government district sportsmen were not happy with the way in which they were pushed further and further into the background by the departmental heads. With field staff there was generally no complaint. Government district sportsmen would not be supporting the National unity so strongly, if they were happy.

Mr O. S. Hintz, of Taupo, endorsing Mr Clemance's remarks, said there must be unified control of fisheries with direct control by the fisherman. His federation was in support, although not committed at this stage.

Mr Connolly told delegates that maximum strength should be aimed at. "We welcome any clubs who have not been circulated to get in touch wtih us. Box 298 Hastings is the address."

Undoubtedly the meeting has seen a major step in unifying anglers. The success of American bodies such as Trout Unlimited and the Federation of Fly Fishermen show that sportsmen must be unified to fight commercial threats to their recreation. Angling must be one of the most popular sports in the country in numbers participating. ■

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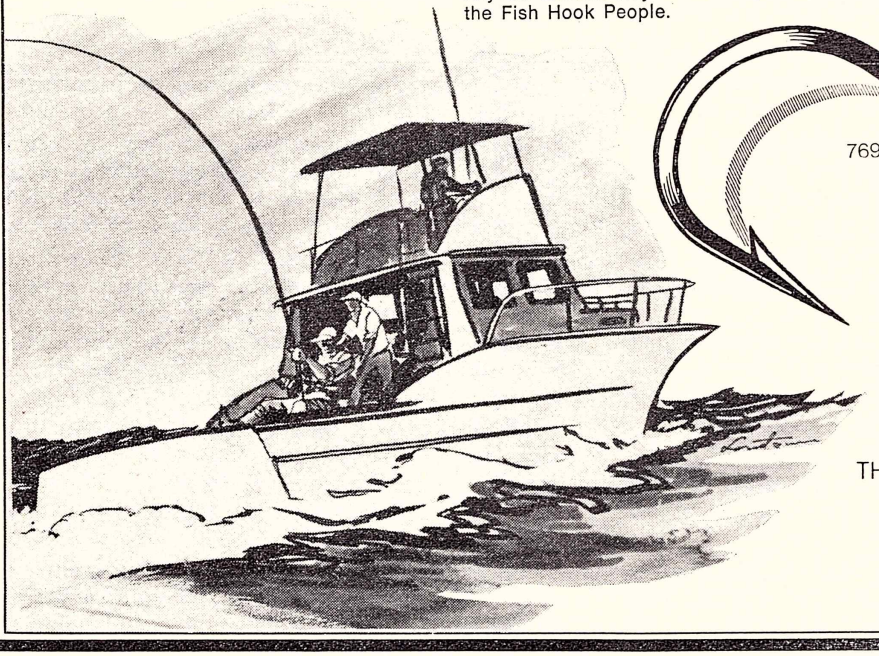

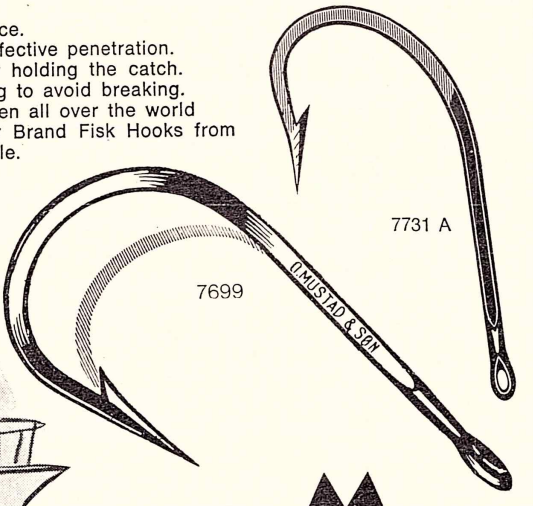

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Ten Minutes' Paperwork Could Save Your Life At Sea

Ten minutes spent filling in a new form now being distributed by the Marine Division of the Ministry of Transport to all its local offices and to police stations in New Zealand ports could mean the difference between life and death for pleasure craft owners.

This form, known as the *Ten Minute Form*, ensures that the police have all the details necessary to pass on to the New Zealand Search and Rescue Organisation as soon as a report is made that you have failed to reach your destination.

The information asked for in the *Ten Minute Form* includes details of your craft, voyage, crew, food, fuel and water supplies, emergency equipment, departure and arrival times and shore contacts.

Skippers of yachts going overseas have always had to lodge this information with the Collector of Customs at their departure point. They will still have to.

Pleasure craft skippers will have to fill in the *Ten Minute Form*, but in view of the time to be saved should a search be necessary, the Marine Department strongly advises that they do, particularly before undertaking a coastal voyage.

Lodging details of a voyage with the police or the Marine Division may be seen by some boat owners as taking away the freedom to go where they please. The only real restriction of freedom is that they should stick to the plan they have lodged or advise the nearest coast radio station of any change. ■

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NEVER DULL... ALWAYS INTERESTING

by BILL GAMBLE

Asian otters are a Christchurch attraction.

"Part of the pleasure in owning otters is that there is always something new to learn about them. They are never dull; always interesting."

Bill Grey, who has a zoo and aquariums at North Brighton in Christchurch, says that his four appealing little otters are his main attraction.

He has had one pair since the latter part of 1972 when he got them from the Adelaide Zoo at the age of about six months. Another pair have been added to his zoo more recently.

This property, owned by Bill Grey, has been open to the public for 16 years and in that time he has had all kinds of unusual attractions but none quite as appealing as the otters.

They are the Asian or Oriental small-clawed otters whose scientific name is *Amblonyx cinerea.* They are a dwarf species with a body about 25 inches long and a tail that measures nine inches.

The puppy-faced otters, with whiskers and brown eyes, have short legs and rich brown fur that lightens to a cream shade towards the upper part of their body. They are the same family as the weasel.

Otters are fun-loving creatures with fascinating little webbed feet which they manipulate like hands.

Visitors enjoy their antics both in and out of the water. They are so inquisitive and appealing.

The otters contrast so much in and out of the water that they seem almost like two different animals. They stand on hind legs in a begging position for food, untie shoe laces, they will try to remove watch bands and toss toys around their living quarters just like children would.

In the pond the otters are sleek, willowy creatures that perform water manœuvres with the grace of ballet dancers. They twist and turn in all kinds of playful antics.

The otters are remarkable retrievers. Toss some keys into their pond and they have them out again practically before they have hit the bottom of the water. And they delight in pushing a ball around in the water, performing underwater rolls with it clutched in their paws. They also have a lot of fun on their small slide which slopes at about a 45 degree angle into the water. The otters swish down the slide into the water with all the zeal of playful children.

It's amazing how quickly the otters' fur dries. They emerge from the pond completely drenched, roll on their back, perform a few puppy-like wriggles and are soon dry again. The fur is not oily to touch.

To Bill Grey there are no particular problems involved in keeping otters. He is, however, meticulous in their feeding and this is probably best illustrated by his purchase of a refrigerator especially to hold fish for the otters. The fish is bought in bulk when it is plentiful.

At feeding time the otters show their eagerness with a quaint "chitter" — a kind of squeal of joy.

The otters have raw beef, herrings, eels, freshwater crayfish and hard boiled eggs. Their diet is planned on a 60% fish/40% beef basis. Mr Grey said that for a comparatively small animal they have a prolific appetite.

Until the otters joined the zoo, the collection of monkeys always topped the popularity with visitors but now the otters are undoubtedly the star lodgers. Their abundant energy and good humour makes them a favourite with everyone. They are so friendly and trusting.

Bill Grey is most impressed with how tame the otters have become. He believes that if he had more spare time they could be trained to be almost as obedient as a dog. Although they are seldom vicious, they will occasionally bite playfully.

Besides the otters, the zoo and aquariums have a crocodile, a racoon, wallabies, chamois, kea, ponies, several monkeys, innumerable birds and more than 30 different species of fish.

And although Bill Grey is always on the lookout for novel exhibits, it is doubtful if he will ever obtain anything more appealing than his whimsical otters.

OTTERS (Adelaide)

A man with a special interest in the otters in Christchurch is Mr W. E. Lancaster, director of the Adelaide Zoo where the otters were born.

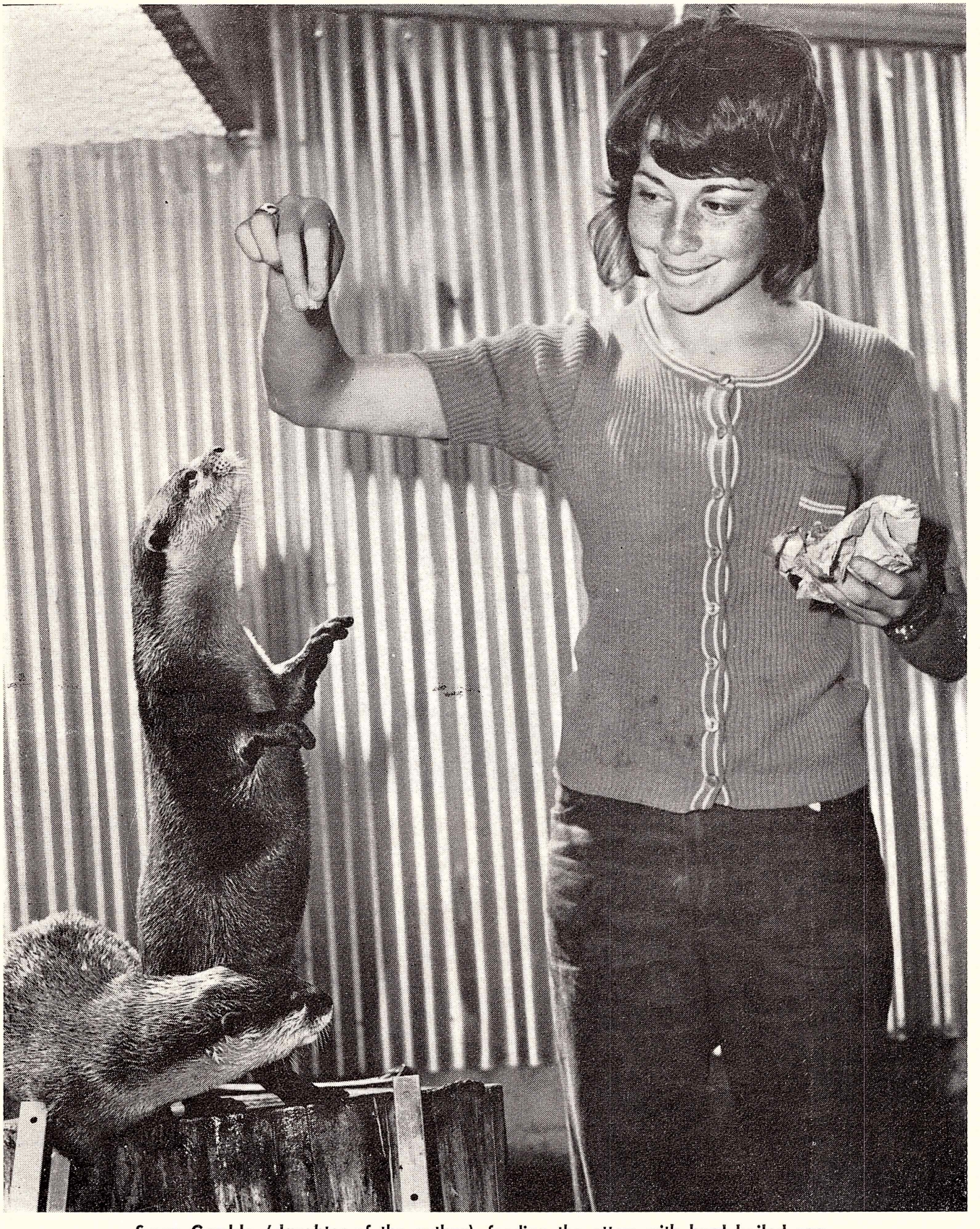
Mr Lancaster explained that they have probably bred more Asian small-clawed otters than any other zoo in the world. He is justly proud of their success.

In 1890 the first otter was exhibited at the Adelaide Zoo and since then there have been others at infrequent intervals. Because otters make such an attractive display the Adelaide Zoo decided to acquire a number of them about six years ago.

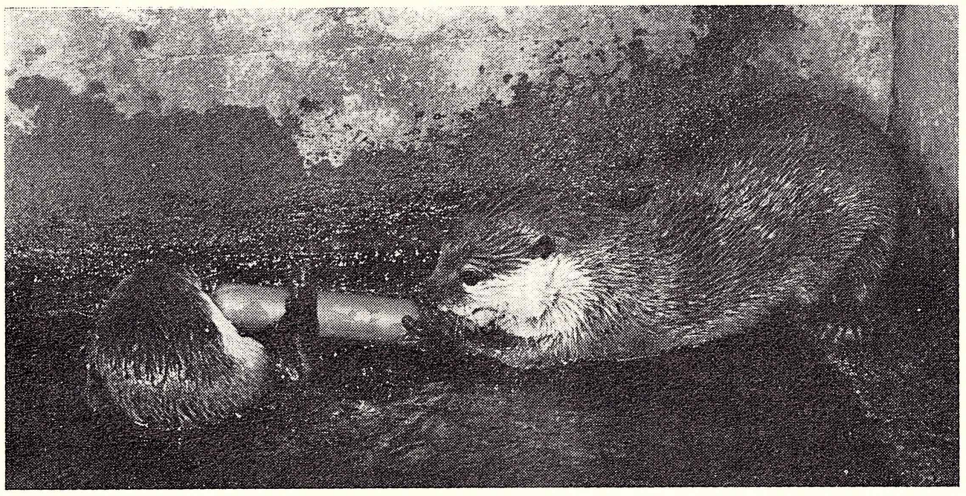
Mr Lancaster said that their first breeding was in February 1970 and figures (up to the beginning of last year), give an indication of the success of the programme. Of 45 births in 12 litters there were 28 survivors. There was an average of almost four per litter although in four of the litters there were six youngsters.

Four otters were imported from Singapore in 1967 and a further eleven from Bangkok in 1969. From these a pair was sold to the Melbourne Zoo, and four died. This left nine which were retained by the zoo as three pairs and a trio, explained Mr Lancaster.

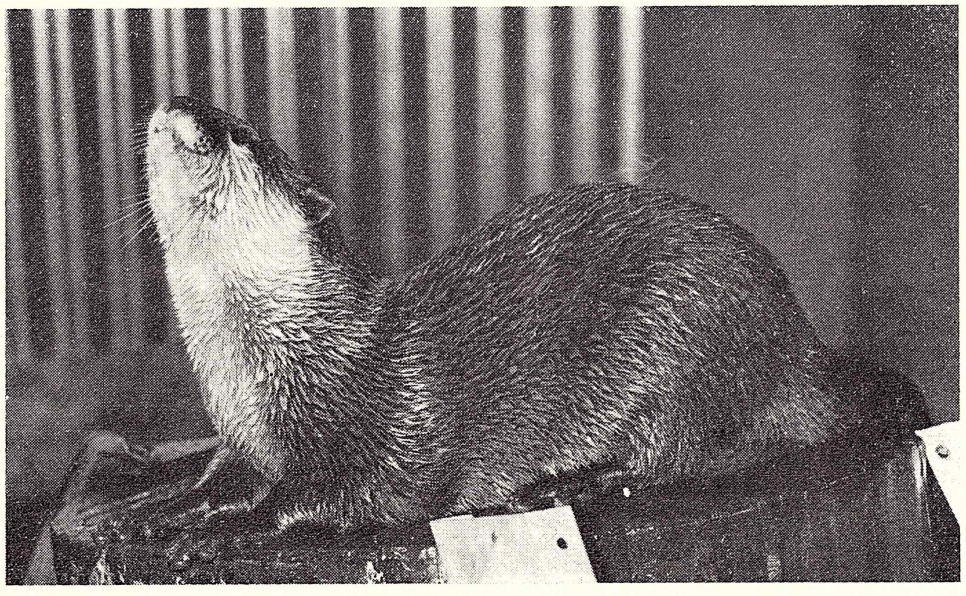
The successful breeding programme at the Adelaide Zoo has enabled them to supply stock to other zoos. They have sent otters to Tauranga Zoo (Sydney), Colombo Zoo (Ceylon), Honolulu Zoo (Hawaii), to



Susan Gamble (daughter of the author) feeding the otters with hard boiled egg.



When they are awake, the otters are extremely active. This photo shows them in the water.



"I've posed before ya know." Otters are attractive creatures.

three small zoos in Queensland and to two establishments in New Zealand (North Brighton Zoo in Christchurch and Marineland Zoological Gardens at Mount Maunganui). These are the only two places in New Zealand to have the Asian otter.

Mr Lancaster said the otters live in small enclosures with smooth painted cement walls about four feet high. Each enclosure has a pool with running bore water.

They breed at about three years old which is the age of maturity. And when the female has her young the male is usually removed to other living quarters.

Describing the diet for their otters, Mr Lancaster said that it includes minced beef, and hard boiled eggs. In their wild state the otters will eat practically anything that they can find . . . fish, frogs, crustaceans and perhaps small mammals and water birds.

Sleeping quarters consist of a concrete pipe about two feet long set in a wall at ground level.

"We also make a breeding maternity chamber about one foot square and nine inches high. This is entered by a curved tunnel about two feel long and it gives the mother a good sense of security with her young," said Mr Lancaster.

According to Desmond Morris in his book, *'The Mammals'*, there are 18 different species of otters. There are saltwater and freshwater species.

The Asian small-clawed (*Amblonyx cinerea*, to give the scientific name) otters at Adelaide and North Brighton zoos, are freshwater otters whose natural habitat is around rivers and streams. But if necessary they will take to sea water.

Otters range in size from the Asian small-clawed from 16 to 25 inches, to the 85lb sea otter about four feet long, and the giant otter which is from five to six feet.

Over the past few years Mr Lancaster has spent a lot of time with otters, and his observation:

They are usually flat out sleeping, or flat out playing and working."

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THE NEGLECTED ONES

The Mayfly is not the only fly the angler should be concerned with, yet authorities would have us believe otherwise.

by Tony Orman

The idea of the mayfly as the basis of the true fly fisher's approach probably originated somewhere in the Home Country. Perhaps it was Halford, or perhaps it was before Halford's time. I frequently ponder whether the criticism of purists and the scorn accorded dry fly purists by most anglers, is directed at Halford rather unfairly. But to be fair, long before Halford's time, groups of men in the angling world stressed the importance of the size, shape and colour to the natural insects.

Even as far back as 250 A.D. imitation principles were stressed by the Macedonians. There are others too. In the 16th century . . . but history is boring alongside the present day and angling.

Eric Horsfall Turner in *'Anglers Cavalcade'* tends to think that Halford's ideals were distorted by the strict fanatical followers he had. ". . . the rapid and considerable following of Halford's tenets and their distortion into principles which were far beyond anything he had in mind himself".

From Britain probably stemmed the direct imitative approach and the basis of the mayfly. Undoubtedly the mayfly family is important but probably far more in its nymphal stage than the sub-imago or adult.

Read an English fly fishing book and you could be excused for mistaking that the mayfly is the basis of fly fishing. The plain fact is that it is not in New Zealand.

The very term "mayfly is in itself inaccurate as regards New Zealand conditions, and one experienced angler/entomologist I know, Charles Nott of Havelock North, terms them up-winged or day flies. Charles, whose knowledge of trout, streams and the streamsides is very detailed, knows his aquatic flies inside and out. His description of them as day flies, is in itself indicative of the importance of other species.

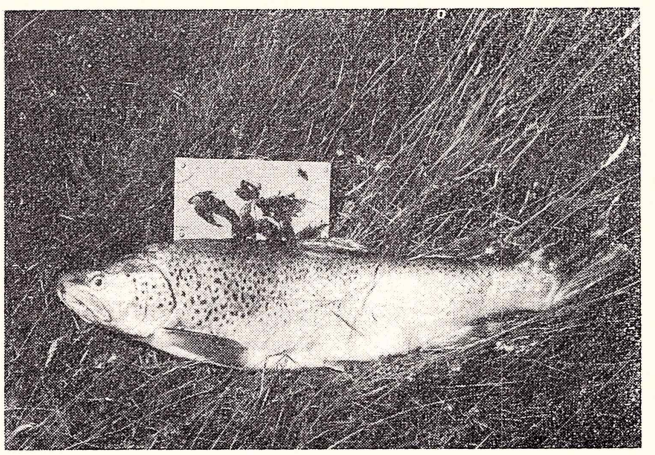
When we think of evening rises and after dark fishing the sedge or caddis moth is very important. In its pupal stage, as the cased caddis series, probably even more so.

Think of other forms of trout food, and its apparent, we in New Zealand have under-rated the importance of many species of aquatic and terrestial trout flies. For instance, the water boatman, sometimes called the Corixa. Especially in weedy waters, it is freely taken by trout under low water conditions.

What of the brown beetle? In November, December and even January it is taken often in the evenings. The green manuka beetle is another very important imitation. And I can recall the cicada especially in the back country, being important by virtue of its conspicuous predominance in a trout's belly.

How often have you found the trout's stomach crammed with aquatic snails? And so it goes.

The point of all this is to suggest the importance of may-fly imitations — oops sorry, day fly — is greatly exaggerated. It is true the Blue Dun and Orange Spinner, both may-fly imitations, are good killers. So are others. And they will be in that time prior to dusk when the hatch may occur. But overall that's only a short time of the angler's day.



Cicadas (12) from the stomach of a 6lb brown trout.

What patterns does the fly angler use? Here again tradition has been hard to break in a commercial sense. For instance, very few shops sell a sedge or caddis moth pattern. It is because of this the fly tyer has a very definite advantage over the non-fly tyer.

The Turkey Sedge (*Draper*) is a good pattern for late evening or after dark. The pattern is:—

Body: Hare fur with gold wire rib.
Wing: Speckled brown turkey wing secondary, varnished doubled, over and clipped to shape.
Hackle: Ginger.
Hook size: 10-14.

I have adapted the pattern to my own taste with deer hair for a body and a brief setae, no longer than the tent-shaped wing to aid flotation, and a red-brown hackle. Usually, I like it tied on a smaller hook in the size 12 or preferably 14 or 16. Most caddis moths I have found on rivers appear to me to be of a size toward a 14 hook.

For any angler further interested in the importance of the sedge, I recommend fully David Jacques' book, *'Fisherman's Fly and Other Studies'*.

Jacques writes: "It is a humble fly . . . No Kingsley has sung its praises, no Plunket Greene has given it immortality; neither Skues nor Dunne afforded it more than a passing glance . . . The fly is the Grannom. known to our forefathers as the Granam or Greentail Fly, an early caddis or sedge, of the order Trichoptera."

The water boatman is a "nymph" pattern worth having. It may be found under the heading of Corixa in many English books. John Goddard in *'Trout Flies*

of Still Water' gives two dressings:—

Pattern A

Hook: No. 12.
Wing case: Black Squirrel hair, tied beetle fashion.
Body: White chenille.
Hackle: Light badger hen hackle one turn.
Body weighted with fine copper wire.

Pattern B

Body: White or cream floss silk.
Ribbing: Beige or brown silk.
Wing case: Woodcock wing fibres.
Legs: Few fibres of white or cream hen's hackle.

Like many flies there are various dressings. The one I prefer is from a modest, but excellent publication called *'Fifty Popular Flies'* by Tom Stewart.

Body: Pale straw coloured silk, ribbed with fine oval silver tinsel, and a small silver tag.
Wing case: Dark Woodcock.
Hackle: Medium Ginger hen.

The silver appearance may well be important to imitate the bubble of air these little creatures carry.

I have rarely seen a water boatman pattern in a tackle shop. Two which you will probably will find are the Green Beetle and the Brown Beetle. If you tie your flies, both are simple to tie and materials easy to come by.

The Cicada (September 1971, *'N.Z. Outdoor'*) can be imitated by various patterns of American origin. Another which will serve the purpose is the Muddler Minnow fished as a dry fly.

The small aquatic snail requires a small hook with a bulky fat body of peacock herl. The stonefly nymph, sometimes called the Green Stonefly nymph, can be copied by using the basis of Draper's pattern:—

Tail: Golden Pheasant tippets.
Body: Olive green seal's fur, ribbed with gold.
Thorax: Olive seal's fur.
Wing case: Bronze peacock herl.

I prefer a variation to this with a greyish feather for a wing case, and copper wire for ribbing. In addition a one turn of brown hen hackle enhances the pattern by giving movement and life.

When I glance through my diary and stomach analysis, I find the mayfly (day fly), except for the nymph, is relatively unimportant. Certainly not to the extent many writers claim. I can remember in earlier days being mystified by the term mayfly, which I heard many anglers speaking of. The day fly is important but there are many other patterns of other flies or nymphs which are equally so.

Being aware of this, may remove a traditional obstacle for many anglers. In any case, it's food for thought. ■

ANGLERS! WATCH FOR TAGGED FISH

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Please return tags to your local acclimatisation society or the Marine Department, Wellington.

DUCKS UNLIMITED EXPANDS TO NEW ZEALAND

A unique programme of truly international co-operation in conservation.

Last year Ducks Unlimited was established in New Zealand to actively pursue conservation of its waterfowl population. The group — which is closely associated with, and compliments the objectives of, Ducks Unlimited Canada, U.S.A. and Mexico — will solicit funds within New Zealand for the conservation and management of water areas in this country. As in the case of the other three DU organisations, Ducks Unlimited (New Zealand) is a private, non profit conservation organisation dedicated to the perpetuation and increase of the waterfowl resource.

There is an urgent need for a specialised organisation, such as Ducks Unlimited, in New Zealand. Acclimatisation Societies and other bodies appear to be rather involved with "red tape" and "policy" and this reduces their efficiency. A private organisation can move more quickly, efficiently and effectively to meet situations as they arise. Basic research and management of New Zealand wildlife is limited because of insufficient funds. To survive, New Zealand wildlife requires an organisation with money behind it—properly trained and efficient staff—and access to basic research. Ducks Unlimited (New Zealand) intends to fill the real need which exists.

In conjunction with the formation of Ducks Unlimited (New Zealand), Mr Dudley Bell of the Waikato arrived in Vancouver, via CP Air, last May. Mr Bell, formerly with the Auckland Acclimatisation Society, is spending five months working as a biotechnician with the field staff of Ducks Unlimited (Canada) — to provide him with broad experience in the waterfowl habitat conservation programmes carried out by Ducks Unlimited (Canada). The knowledge gained by Mr Bell will then be used to initiate similar conservation programmes in New Zealand.

Mr Bell has already forwarded reports on areas he has visited and experience gained to date. There are now few waterfowl areas in Manitoba and Saskatchewan where Mr Bell has not visited and, during his inspections, he is constantly gaining information relative to the New Zealand scene. Among his experiences to date are inspection of a Canada Goose programme of artificial breeding and development; inspection of Manitoba's highest waterfowl breeding area of pothole country in Minnedosa.

He has also visited an area at Lake Francis of 2,500 acres where two concrete weirs control the lake and maintain the area as a stable water region. Mr Bell now feels it will not be impossible to control the levels of lakes, such as Lake Whangape, North Island, if the appropriate government departments can be persuaded that this will be beneficial.

Later this year, a director of Ducks Unlimited (New Zealand) will visit the United States to gain insight

into the techniques of fund raising utilized by Ducks Unlimited (U.S.A.).

In a joint programme, Ducks Unlimited raises funds in the United States from dedicated conservationists, sportsmen, private individuals, corporations and governments, to be expended for the preservation and maintenance of waterfowl breeding habitat in Canada, where over 70% of all North American waterfowl originate. The implementation of this habitat restoration programme is carried out by Ducks Unlimited (Canada), a totally Canadian organisation, which negotiates no cost land easements with private landowners and the various levels of government. Ducks Unlimited does not buy or rent land; all the property on which DU projects are located, either privately owned or Crown land, remains in the possession of the landowner. To date, $25 million has been expended by DU in Canada to develop almost two million acres of waterfowl habitat.

Ducks Unlimited de Mexico was incorporated in 1970 — adding a further link to make DU a complete North American organisation. The objective of DU (Mexico) is to raise funds within that nation to be devoted entirely to projects of waterfowl management and conservation in Mexico.

Adding a new dimension to the DU organisation is the recent formation of Ducks Unlimited (New Zealand). The association of DU (New Zealand) with the international DU organisation brings four distinct conservation organisations under the DU "wing".

Following the success of Ducks Unlimited in Canada, U.S.A. and Mexico, the directors of Ducks Unlimited (New Zealand) are confident that New Zealanders will take up the challenge to conserve their water areas for the benefit of all wetland birds.

This unique programme of truly international co-operation in conservation has but one objective — to build a better environment for this and future generations.

For further information, contact:—

Paul B. C. Pirani, Director Publicity,
Ducks Unlimited (New Zealand);
Telephone: Wellington 49-670 (office)
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DID YOU KNOW . . .

Deprived of its food, a mole will die in about a day.

* * *

The male prairie chicken has a wind sac on his throat with which he makes a booming call.

* * *

According to experiments, bees recognise honey-yielding flowers first by colour and secondly by scent.

* * *

A dragonfly can use its feet for perching on a limb, but its legs are useless for walking.

* * *

Llamas are the camels of South America and the vicuna is a species of wild llama.

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WRITERS

Have you ever felt the urge to write, to tell the story of a good hunting or fishing trip. Perhaps you have some special knowledge about rifles, shooting, surf-casting, fly fishing, tramping or other kindred subjects. Name and address of contributors should be clearly written on manuscripts sent in for consideration and all manuscripts should preferably be typewritten and double-spaced. Interesting articles accompanied by illustrations or photographs can usually be given preference. A limited number can now be accepted.

Contact:

THE EDITOR
Box 236
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GUN AND RIFLE CARE

by JOHN

The purchase of a gun or rifle today is a very expensive business.

You can spend several weeks' wages on the firearm of your choice and certainly at least a week's wage for a lad buying his first rifle, even if he buys the cheapest available. Because of the high cost factor in owning a firearm today you should, more than ever, spend more time cleaning your weapons than most firearms owners do, and you should take more care of your pet firearm than do the large majority of firearm owners.

Let us then examine in detail, ways in which you can prolong the life of your gun or rifle.

Safety First

There should be no need to mention this factor in an article on caring and cleaning of weapons. But I do so because of the number of accidents which have happened in the past, and will no doubt happen again in the future when people have gone to clean weapons which were loaded and which have gone off and killed or injured the person concerned, or worse still, some innocent bystander.

Safety at the time of cleaning or maintenance of your firearm should really have started when you left your hunting ground and unloaded the weapon. You should have **checked** that the firearm — of whatever sort — was in fact unloaded when you put it in your car, and again when you took it inside.

Now, just because you have checked it on both the above occasions and know that the gun or rifle is unloaded, you needn't think you do not need to check again. Immediately you pick up the weapon to clean or maintain, you must check **again.** Break the gun, remove the bolt from the rifle. Check the firearm visually, then check it manually with your finger.

If you own an automatic of any sort you must take special care that not only is the breech clear, but the magazine must also be clear. This is especially important in tubular magazines, particularly of the pump action .22 type such as the Browning or Winchester pump action .22s, or the Browning automatic .22. In the cast of weapons of this sort you should make sure that the magazine follower is in place and that you can actually see the end of it. In addition you should work the bolt back and forward several times so as to be absolutely positive. The Winchester .44s can also be included in this group of firearms in which it is difficult to check on the presence or otherwise of a round within the weapon. So too can the automatic and pump action shotguns, and extra care must also be taken with these.

In case you are feeling a bit smug about safety with your weapon, let me just tell you about a character I heard of recently who took a .44 Winchester into a gunsmith shop with a full magazine and a round up the breech. Now, how silly can you get. So just watch it, eh! Don't you become a statistic in Police records.

We will deal with three separate types of firearms on the subject of cleaning, shotguns, centrefire rifles and .22 rimfires.

Shotguns

We start with the barrels on a shotgun. Unless the gun is wet when you return home, in which case you will have to give it a preliminary wipe down with a soft cloth. The cloth should be of non-fluffy, absorbent cotton. Old singlets are excellent as are worn out babies napkins. Your cloth should preferably be saturated in a water soluble oil, such as "Youngs .303 Cleaner" so that the water is absorbed and displaced by oil.

At all times you should be careful not to get gun oil onto the woodwork as this can be absorbed into the wood and cause several dangerous conditions to form in your gun. We will not go into these at present, however.

The barrel of the gun must then be wiped clean of the fouling, using a cleaning rod and patch of absorbent cotton. Be careful not to put too much cloth onto the rod as the patch will tighten as it moves up the barrel and may cause damage to the barrel if force is used to push it through. Incidentally, always clean your barrel from the breech end, as cleaning from the muzzle can cause damage to the choke and upset patterns.

Following cleaning with cotton, a good quality spiral steel brush should be used to remove all traces of lead from the bore. The type of brush shown in the photo is the **only** sort I will use now. The ends of the steel are turned over and provided a good quality one is used it will **not** damage the bore of your gun.

The next step is to polish out the bore with a leather polisher. This piece of equipment will leave a slick clean surface on your barrels. This should be followed by a final clean out with clean cotton patches until they come out clean. The bore can now be oiled, but I suggest you leave this until you have finished off the outside of the barrels.

Wipe over the barrels with a clean cloth, then using an old toothbrush clean along the ribs, taking care to remove all dirt and water from the various crannies. The area round the extractor or ejectors should be given particular care. See that no dirt or grit is left in this area. Now the barrels are ready for oiling.

Any good gun oil is okay I guess for oiling your gun, but I suggest that you use "C.R.C. 5-56" as this oil has a particular property of use to you and that is: it drives out water. Furthermore, it moves over the metal and takes care of any portion you have missed. A combination then of "Youngs .303" to start with and "C.R.C. 5-56" for final oiling is, I believe, a combination that would be hard to beat. The C.R.C. can be sprayed on, being available in a variety of spray-on forms. The interior of the barrel can therefore be sprayed also and thus save having to use the cleaning rod for this purpose.

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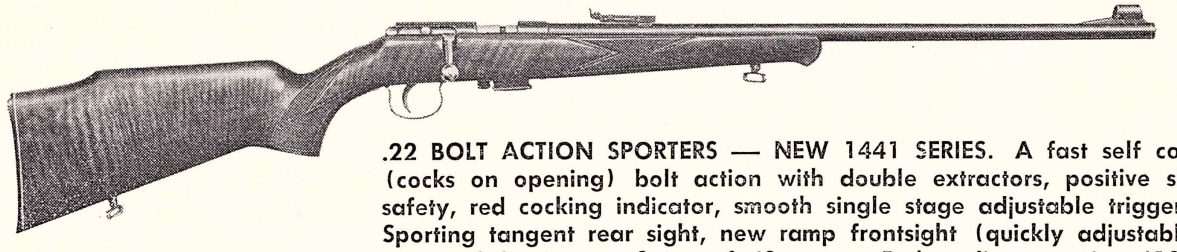

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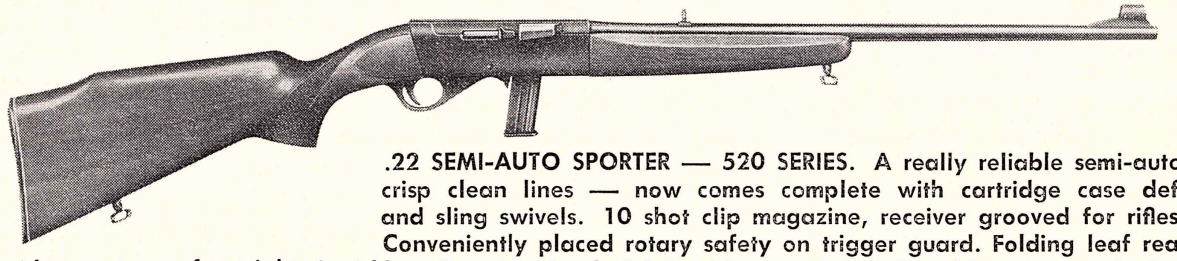

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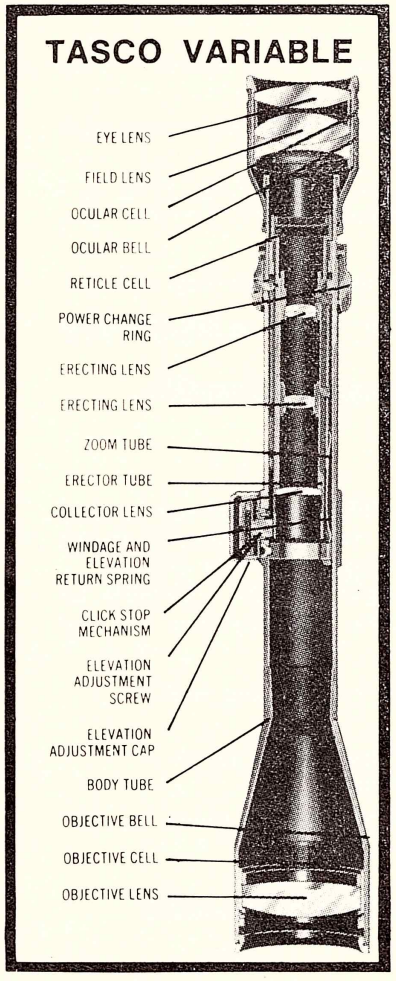

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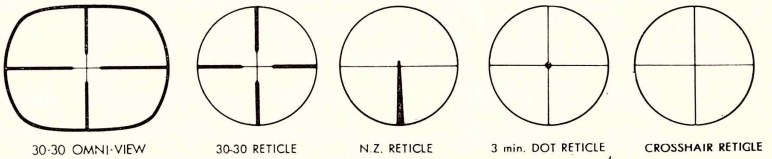

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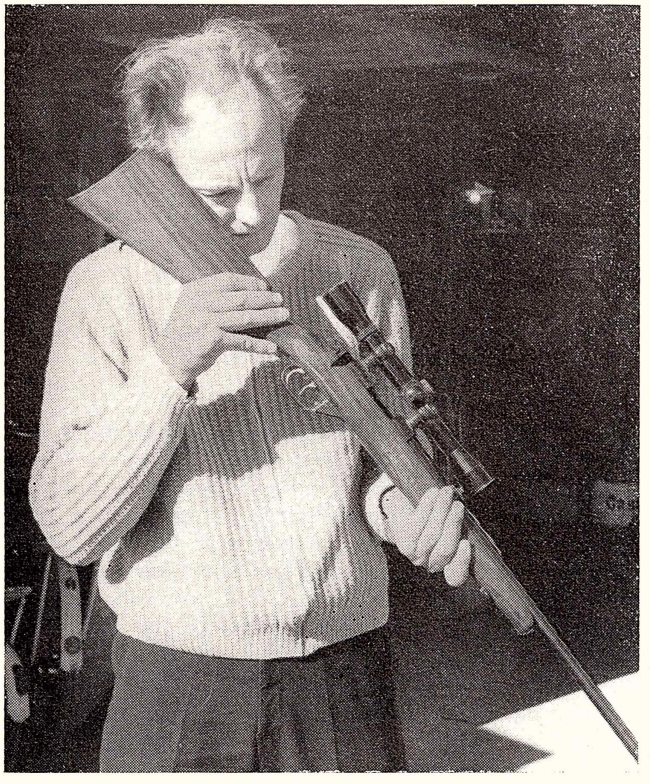


Checking to make sure the rifle is safe.

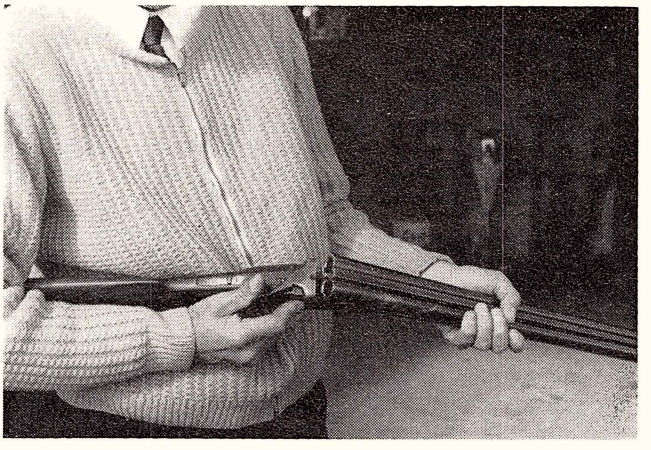
Turn your attention now to the forend, action and stock. All nooks and crannies should be cleaned out using a toothbrush. Pay particular attention to ejector locks, if your gun has them, and also to the cocking levers down at the base of the action. Be careful in oiling these parts so that oil does not contaminate the woodwork. A small hypodermic syringe is very useful to put a small amount of gun oil or C.R.C. on and in the moving parts. Unless you know what you are doing, do not remove the locks from your gun. Some are easy, others much more difficult.

The last part of your gun to receive attention is the woodwork. You should use a little linseed oil, either boiled or raw, and rub it in with the palms of your hands. Rub it in until the woodwork and your hand is quite hot, and the oil will penetrate deeply leaving a good, deep lustre to the wood. Linseed oil will not cause the problem of swollen wood, which I have mentioned earlier in relation to ordinary gun oil, and it will leave a good waterproof surface on your stock and forend.

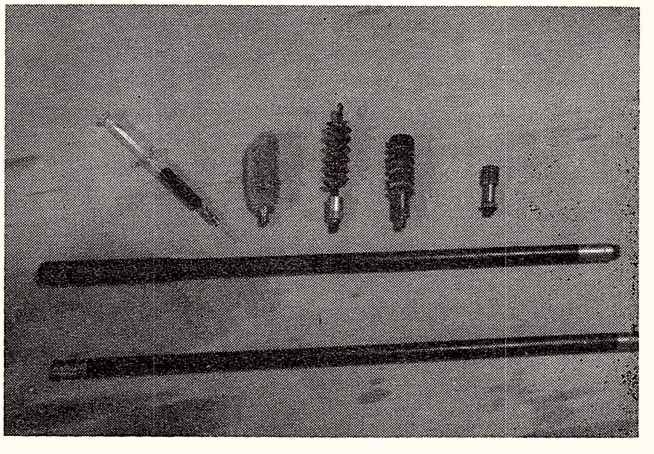
There are only two further points in the cleaning of your shotgun. The first is storage. Either stand the gun on its muzzles in a corner, or hang it horizontal. Do not at any price stand it on its stock, as oil will certainly run back down onto the woodwork. The other is to make sure you wipe the oil from your gun before you use it again. Failure to do so could result in the gun blowing up in your face.

Your gun should always be cleaned **every** day after you have used it. If you are unable to spend time cleaning it at night, at least spray some C.R.C. down the barrel and you will go a long way toward prolonging the life of your gun.

In addition to checking the firearm by sight, the finger should be used as an added check.



The CORRECT way to close a breach action shotgun. The top lever is held over until the gun is completely closed, and then gently released. The gun shown here is a BRNO side by side ejector.



Cleaning gear for a 12 gauge shotgun:— Cleaning rod, jag, leather bore polisher, aspiral steel brush, wool mop, hypodermic syringe for oiling.

Centrefire Rifles

Like a shotgun, centrefire rifles must be cleaned every time they have had a day out — whether one shot

has been fired or 100. In rifles we must differentiate between military weapons, .303 or 30/06 rifles, using the old army ammunition with berdan primers, and weapons using modern boxer primed cartridges. It is in the barrel cleaning that extra care is needed in the case of weapons using the older type primers. The main cause for the problem is in the composition of the primers.

There are, in fact, many formulas for priming compositions both in use today and also a long time discarded. (Anyone wishing to really go into the details should peruse '*Hatchers Notebook*', by Major General Julian S. Hatcher, published by the Stackpole Company —pages 353-360.) Sufficient to say that two chemicals that have been used in primers caused trouble, fulminate of mercury and potassium chlorate. Both these chemicals have been discarded in modern primers. The potassium chlorate was, in fact, the worst as far as your rifle barrel was concerned as you had a residue left in the barrel which was very similar to common salt.

Rusting in this situation then is a certainty. To beat this, if you are using this older ammunition, you should wash out the barrel of the rifle with warm water. The principle is that the water dissolves the salt and leaves the barrel clean of this fouling. Pour the water slowly into the barrel from the breech end, being careful not to get water in around the action. From this point on, the cleaning should be the same as for rifles using non-corrosive primers, except that a second cleaning should be carried out 24 hours later so as to be certain all corrosive material has been removed and that no after sweating has taken place.

The cleaning of centrefire rifles should be done with a cleaning rod. A pullthrough is not a suitable piece of equipment and should only be used for field cleaning on long trips when it is not possible to carry a rod. The cleaning rod should be of a size to suit the particular calibre of firearm you are cleaning. The best type of rod is a single piece rod, plastic covered, and with a spinning handle so as to allow the rod to spin in the grooves of the rifle. You will need a jag to hold the cleaning rag and a good quality bronze brush.

To start you should wipe the bore of the rifle clean with soft cotton rag, firm, but not tight on the jag of your cleaning rod. Work from the breech end of the rifle if possible, the impossibility being some automatics and pump or lever action weapons. If you have to work from the muzzle, be certain not to damage the grooves and lands as you introduce the rod at the muzzle. Better still, get a device to hold the rod central over the bore. You may have to get one made, but they can be bought sometimes.

Following removal of fouling, the bore should be thoroughly scrubbed with a phosphor-bronze brush or good bristle brush — the choice is yours. Some shooters will not use a phosphor-bronze brush as they suppose it will damage the rifling, but I have never seen any evidence to this effect. After this scrubbing the bore should be wiped out with clean cotton patches, turning and replacing the patch until the material comes out clean. A light oiling is then all that is necessary to complete the job.

The exterior of the rifle should be cleaned with a toothbrush, making certain that all dirt is removed from nooks and crannies. The metal should then be sprayed with C.R.C. and the woodwork rubbed with linseed, the same as for shotguns.

The other part of the modern centrefire rifle that needs some attention is the telescopic sight, if one is fitted. The exterior metal should be cleaned with the exterior of the rifle. It is the lens with which care must be taken. These must only be cleaned with good quality lens tissues, available from protography shops or opticians. Gently blow out any grit before gently wiping the lenses over to give them a clean, grease-free surface. Be certain that oil is not sprayed onto the lenses.

A final word of caution. Wipe out the oil in the barrel before next using the firearm.

.22 Rimfires

The difference in the cleaning required between rimfire rifles and centrefire rifles is that the interior of a .22 barrel seldom needs cleaning. This is because .22 cartridges are fairly heavily lubricated and during their passage up the bore, leave a coating of lubricant which effectively protects the bore from corrosion or rusting. An occasional cleaning is okay, but you will probably find it takes four or five shots before the rifle starts shooting consistently again. Cleaning should be just the same as for centrefire rifles using non-corrosive primers.

Just one point of warning. Use care with the jag for pushing through a cleaning patch, as the tiny barrel is very easily damaged by the metal jag.

Dry Firing

One action which causes more damage to firearms than any other is the dry firing or snapping of a firing pin on an empty breech. The result in centrefire weapons, guns or rifles, is sometimes a broken firing pin. Snap caps can be bought for shotguns and you should buy a pair.

For rifles, an empty cartridge should be used if you need to dry fire your rifle, although there is really no necessity for dry firing, as metal springs do not lose their strength by remaining in normal tension — contrary to popular belief. In .22s, dry firing can cause the firing pin to hit the breech face, altering the shape of the pin and eventually causing mis-fires. So use snap caps or an old cartridge if you have to dry fire your firearm, but I recommend you not to do it.

The last point I want to make concerns break-open shotguns. Many owners of side-by-side or over-and-under doubles have the habit of snapping the gun closed and I have seen clay bird shooters flick the gun closed off their toes. Now such treatment of a gun indicates the ignorance and contempt of the shooter concerned in the use and care of an expensive piece of equipment. The snapping of a gun in this way causes unnecessary wear on the bearing surfaces of the underbits and will eventually result in the gun becoming loose in the breech.

Shooters say the gun has shot loose. I say the gun has been abused loose. Knowledgeable and caring shooters hold the top lever over while they close their guns and let the lever quietly back when the gun is shut. The guns of such shooters will last a lifetime while those who abuse their guns will be buying another in a few years time.

Be sure you care properly for your weapons. ■

"FIRST CATCH YOUR FISH"

by Hilary Pederson

Having just read with interest an informative article in the May issue of 'New Zealand Outdoor' entitled "Whitebait in Westland", it seemed appropriate to add some observations from an entertained onlooker of the sport — or is it an art?

The fact that the observations are based on the east coast of the North Island is irrelevant. Avid whitebaiters appear to be such a race apart that it seems unlikely that habits would vary greatly from area to area.

So for those who wonder what it's all about, and how to best "catch your fish", the following information may be useful.

If you live in a community which happens to have a tidal river flowing in its midst, the chances are that from September on you'll probably notice an abrupt change in the atmosphere. Smirking in avid anticipation certain residents emerge from their winter-bound torpor and come rapidly to life, hell-bent in the twin pursuits of whitebait and happiness.

As a recreation and general topic of conversation these small and elusive delicacies can rival even football. Housewives exchange cooking methods as they hang out their washing, catches become considerably expanded (in true fish story tradition) over the bar, and newspaper items on the subject are not uncommon.

When viewed singly and with a detached eye, it seems incredible that these insignificant little creatures can cause such a flutter in the hearts (or is it stomachs?) of mankind. Some of the appeal may be in the challenge the operation presents as it is no easy task to snare a whitebait, and for those wishing to participate much more is required than merely dangling a line into the river, or buying a fishing boat.

The first essential is to find your own fishing spot and in a community where ninety per cent of the population are enthusiasts and suitable river space is limited; this can be difficult.

A swifty flowing current in which the unsuspecting whitebait can be unobtrusively edged in towards a steep bank is a *'must'*, so a few days intensive study of the river conditions may have to be spent before a suitable spot with just the right current is selected. If you wish to be a starter as early as possible in the season it is wise to do this in advance — even if it means giving up your job. After all, what's a job when you can catch whitebait?

The only trouble is that others besides yourself may have their eyes on the same spot. Family feuds have been started over lesser issues than who spends the day gazing reflectively into the murky depths, and cases of fond relatives sending each other for an unexpected swim too early in the season have been known.

Having finally secured a suitable spot (even if it means mounting an all night guard) the state of your jetty has to be considered. Work on this may range from merely reinforcing last year's model, to building a new one, but at least make sure that it can withstand the antics that invariably accompany a particularly large catch — or the loss of it too, for that matter.

Next take a look at your net. The chances are that it too will require mending, if not replacing. If the latter is the case, then a visit to the nearest draper is recommended as quickly as possible. With many others having the same problem, suitable net is liable to be in short supply, and you certainly don't want to miss out.

As in other types of fishing the element of hope is always there, but to merely bring home three or four whitebait does not produce the joyous reception to that of presenting the equivalent number of a larger species. To guard against such eventualities it is advisable to take a box to sit on, a well-stocked picnic basket (if you are planning to make a day of it) and the latest *Playboy* or *Cleo* — according to whether you are a working housewife, or a husband with the day off.

Where most fishermen have only one chance however, the average whitebaiter being of greedy inclination, has two. A shoal that is missed by a vain scoop at the wrong moment, may still enter the conveniently placed set net peeping coyly from among a hastily picked tangle of willow branches which are placed in the water to give a more 'natural' appearance.

For those who do happen to have an occupation other than whitebaiting, sitting beside a river for several months on end may seem a waste of time. In this case it helps to study the moon and weather. It is a known fact that whitebait appear to wax and wane with the moon. Consequently, with the onset of a new moon, crowds of moonstruck enthusiasts scurry from their homes to lie in wait for the vast shoals that their more experienced brethren forecast. A westerly wind and a little rain are also encouraging signs. The one blows the hapless prey inexorably towards the bank, while the other sufficiently discolours the water to obscure the set net and thus give a more sporting chance of a catch.

Those who hope to snare five or six pounds of whitebait in as many minutes however, may as well look for 'other fish to fry', for let no one delude themselves that whitebait swim around in pound-sized mobs. Self preservation has taught them that groups of three or four are preferable to larger numbers if they wish to remain unmixed with flour and eggs.

One of the attractions of the sport may be its appeal to all age groups. An harrassed mother with a toddler, for example, need never feel excluded. A nearby tree to which her darling can be attached by means of several yards of stout rope, given a pile of food and comfortably forgotten, solves nearly all her problems. The only remaining one is to ensure that she catches enough whitebait to have made the whole operation worthwhile.

Before rashly embarking on this time consuming craze however, it is wise to give serious thought to the side-effects which may be of a mental, physical and financial nature. The marked depression which very often accompanies a fruitless day; feelings of murder when your neighbour fishing upriver is obviously catching far more than you; corpulence, caused by over indulgence of

(Continued on Page 23)

WHAT'S IN A NAME

by BERNIE KANE

There can't be any other sport that has the multiplicity of names and terms that have evolved in angling.

Much of the terminology is ambiguous and confusing, particularly to newcomers to the sport. The worst feature is that so many aspects of fishing are known by more than one name. Names vary from country to country and within a country. It even goes so far that anglers fishing alongside one another use different terms for their tackle. There is, too, quite a lot of variation in the names of fish — an *arripis trutta* for instance is a kahawai in New Zealand, but a salmon in Australia.

How the various Angler Associations keep track of the record catches for various species beats me. I mean, you might have a fisherman weighing in a yellowtail, but how do the officials decide if this is a kingfish, a tuna or any one of a dozen other fish that have yellow tails. Yellowtail could refer to a mighty kingfish of 100 pounds or more, or the little fellow of a few ounces that makes excellent bait for the big kingies. Of course there are also the Southern Kingfish or hake and, in Australia, the Black Kingfish or Cobia.

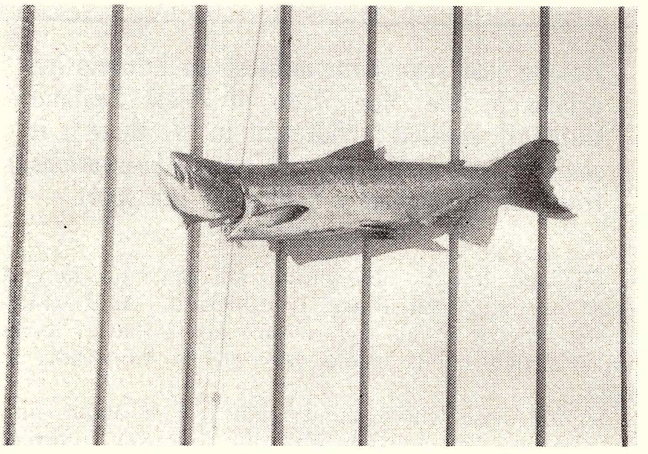
And surely, rather more dissimilar names could have been chosen for the barracuda and barracuta. The barracuda is the infamous predator that has been depicted in stories as a vicious attacker of anything or anyone that moves within range. The barracouta, though somewhat like the barracuda, is no relation. It is plentiful around Australia and New Zealand and, to complete the confusion, it is also known as snoek. This last name is used in South Africa and in my book it would be much simpler to use this name exclusively and forget about "barracouta".

Then there is the *polypiron oxygeneios*. This palatable fish is known almost exclusively as hapuku in the North Island and groper in the South. To make it worse there is a very similar fish, the bass, which is also known as bass-groper and is frequently taken for a groper.

Herring and spratt are a couple of names that have always bugged me. I am never too sure which is or even what a herring or a spratt is. The little yelloweye mullet is frequently known as either a herring or a spratt.

Freshwater fish in New Zealand do not seem to be multi-named to the same extent as salt-water specimens. Nevertheless there are some, and one that springs to mind is the perennial argument about sea-trout. A sea-trout naturally enough is one that lives some part of its life at sea, but how you tell one which has returned to a river from an ordinary resident river trout, is beyond me.

Then at Taupo some experts say that there is a separate breed of rainbow trout that they call steelhead. There is apparently a very fine difference between ordinary rainbows and steelheads. One other fish which is found in freshwater and has many names is the whitebait. Known as Inanga when they mature, these fish also at times get confused with smelt, which in turn are also known as cucumber fish and inanga-papa.



Quinnat Salmon, but also known as Pacific Salmon, Chinook, and other names.

Fly-fishing has more than its share of confusing names and terms. Take the three yards or so of nylon that joins the fly-line to the fly. I guess it was originally known as a cast. I can understand why someone decided some better title than this was required. After all surely a cast is a cast; that is, the actual movement of casting the line.

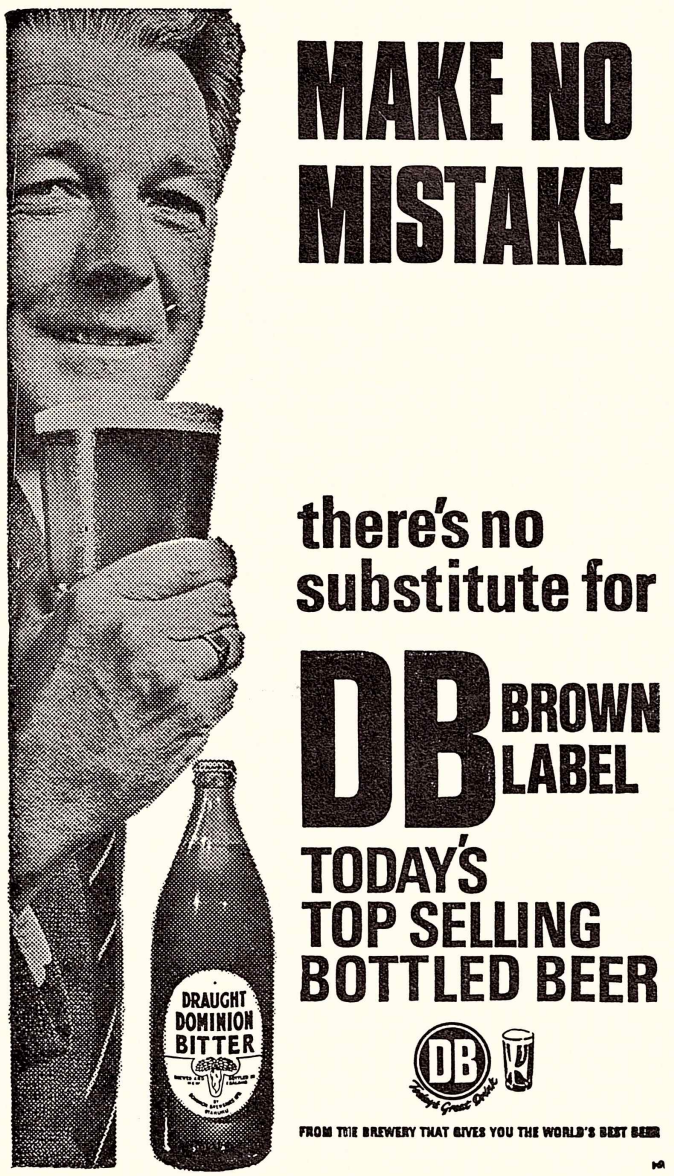
The term leader is now used quite extensively, but this too is rather misleading, as surely the fly itself is the leader when a fly-line is cast, the rest of the line follows. To my mind the best term is trace and I would like to see it used in preference to the other two. It lines up also with sea fishing, as nylon joining the hook to the main line here is invariably known as a trace. Then again terms for the fly itself are often contradictory. The big wet fly fished extensively at Taupo and elsewhere is known as a lure in the South Island, but to many anglers a lure is a spoon or spinner type bait. The Americans call it a streamer fly and this is also used in New Zealand. And then of course it is also called simply a large wet fly. Wouldn't it be better to have it universally designated streamer-fly.

There are many more examples — even the reels are hard to define; is it a threadline, egg-beater, fixed spool, free spool, multiplier, single action, automatic or what? Surely each type of reel could have just one single descriptive name.

And what about the names of fishing rivers and lakes. Here in New Zealand we have a Lake Rotoiti in the North Island and one in the South Island. One of my favourite trout and salmon rivers is the Waiau in North Canterbury. But mention the Waiau to many anglers and they will immediately think of the mighty river

that flows out of Lake Te Anau.

I don't know how the situation can be improved but I am sure it would be of benefit to all anglers, particularly learners, if something could be done to simplify the various terms. Perhaps, in time, some of the older names may gradually disappear and the position resolve itself. I hope so. ■



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"First Catch Your Fish"

(Continued from Page 21)

fritters is also apt to play havoc with your waistline — if not your wardrobe. Even the purchase of a deep freeze may become a necessity if perchance you wish to store your whitebait instead of eating them on the spot.

So, if you are still tempted by the sporting and gastronomic joys in store, take a crash course in low animal cunning and look forward to September. ■

BLUEING FIREARMS

HOT-WATER PROCESS

This formula is sometimes known as the "twenty-minute" blueing process, but it usually takes about two hours to complete the job. This method is particularly good on high quality double-barrelled shotguns, but will do rifles and other metal parts equally as well. It is a comparatively simple process, and if instructions are carefully followed will produce a really fine finish.

The formula is:—

Potassium nitrate	¼ ounce
Potassium chlorate	½ ounce
Sodium nitrate	¼ ounce
Mercury bichloride	½ ounce
Sweet spirits of nitre	½ ounce
Distilled water	10 ounces

Place the first four ingredients, which are in powder form, in a dark-coloured bottle and pour in 10 oz. of warm distilled water (do not use town supply water), stirring with a glass rod until cool. Then add the sweet spirits of nitre. The solution should stand a few days before using, and should be stirred well when required for use.

Get a sheet metal tank (6″ x 6″ x 40″) and pour in some ordinary tap water. Heat up, and when it has come to a boil add 1 heaped tablespoon of caustic soda to each gallon of water. After greasing the inside of any rifle or gun barrels to be treated, plug with wooden plugs leaving a short length projecting out each end for handling. After the barrel or other parts have been boiling in this caustic solution for 10–15 minutes, lift them out and, without touching with the bare hands, boil them in clean water. Cheap cotton gloves are good for handling parts to be treated.

Either thoroughly clean the first tank or have another one handy, and fasten a small wide-mouthed jar inside one corner of the tank with wire. Now make a clean swab with a handle about 10 inches in length to apply the solution from jar, into which has been poured a small quantity of the blueing mixture.

Now fill the tank about two-thirds full with distilled water and bring to a boil. When thoroughly boiling put the parts to be treated into it. The water should be boiling furiously, and the parts should reach the same temperature as the water. Lift out parts with wire hooks and, without giving them time to lose any heat, swab with the warm blueing solution.

As each part is coated with the solution (which should dry immediately), drop it back into the boiling tank. After a short time take out parts and rub lightly with fine steel wool. Then drop parts back into the tank and repeat the whole process half a dozen times until the desired shade of blue is obtained. Finally, boil the parts to kill any further chemical action, and give them a light coating of oil.

It may be found that some case-hardened parts, such as receivers, hammers, lock-plates etc., will not blue satisfactorily with this process. Where these extra hard metals are encountered, add 30 to 40 grains more potassium nitrate and an equal amount of potassium chlorate.

GUNSMITHS
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COLD BROWNING PROCESS

This process is particularly good for soft steel parts, and will make a very nice job of damascus or other figured barrels. The colour is a deep brownish black with a rather attractive translucent appearance. It gives a very durable finish.

Procure the following:—

Muriatic acid	16 ounces
Nitric acid	20 ounces

First of all obtain a glazed stone jar, then taking it outdoors mix the two chemicals. When the chemicals come into contact the solution becomes really hot, so after letting it cool for a while put in four ounces of common wire nails. When the nails are placed in the solution it will give off a thick brown pungent vapour, which should not be inhaled. The nails will take about half an hour to dissolve; when this has taken place add 240 ounces of distilled water, and bottle in coloured bottles. As the above quantities will do quite a number of guns, we would suggest that only a fourth be made up for use by the amateur.

First of all, clean parts or barrel as described in the hot-water process, finally boiling in clean water and allow to dry and cool. Then apply solution lightly with clean swab, and place barrel in cool damp place for 12 hours. A heavy coat of rust will form, and this should be rubbed with steel wool and scratch brush. Then boil in clean water for five minutes, dry, cool, and apply more solution. The whole process should be repeated every 12 hours for ten days, and after final rubbing down with steel wool, boil, dry and oil with linseed oil, followed by light oil after cooling. ■

REMINGTON NEWS

Model 870 D.U. Commemorative

Remington Arms Company, Inc., has announced that its Model 870 pump action shotgun will be produced in a special Ducks Unlimited commemorative version in 1974.

The Model 870 DU commemorative will be made in 12 gauge with a 30-inch full choke vent rib barrel. All Model 870 DU commemorative shotguns will be serial numbered from a selected block of numbers and will be followed by a DU suffix. Serial numbers, as well as scroll work on both sides of the receiver, will be gold coloured. Centered in the scroll work on the left side of the receiver will be a handsome Ducks Unlimited medallion in red, white, blue and gold.

As a further, unique feature of the Model 870 DU commemorative, a portion of the purchase price paid for it by individuals will become a contribution forwarded directly by Remington to Ducks Unlimited.

The issuance of this commemorative shotgun combines both support and recognition by Remington of the valuable work Ducks Unlimited has carried out for the past 37 years in restoring, maintaining and creating new waterfowl habitat in North America. Purchasers of the 870 DU commemorative will not only have a handsome limited edition shotgun, but one that provides visible evidence of their support of this fine conservation organization.

Selection of Remington's Model 870 as a DU commemorative is highly appropriate. Introduced in 1949, the 870 has already passed the two million mark in production units. It is the most popular pump action shotgun ever made and one that is a universal favourite among waterfowlers throughout the country.

This is the second consecutive year that Remington has issued a special DU commemorative shotgun. In 1973, the Model 1100 autoloading shotgun was also produced in a special version to commemorate Ducks Unlimited's 1100th wildlife project.

Commemorative shotguns and, particularly ones made by Remington, are relatively rare, and the availability of the Model 870 DU commemorative becomes a welcome event both for gun collectors and those who simply appreciate the opportunity to own and use a unique version of this shotgun produced in limited numbers.

Name & Numbers Game of Centrefire Ammo

"One of the most interesting, and confusing, games shooters can play is figuring out the relationship between the name and the design, dimensions or origin of centrefire cartridges," remarks the Remington News Letter.

"It is probable that one of the oldest and earliest systems of cartridge designation, utilizing three numbers, was also the most descriptive and meaningful. In the old .45-70-500 cartridge, for example, the first number stood for the calibre, the second for the grain weight of black powder in the loading, and the third for the bullet weight in grains. However, the last two numbers began to lose their meaning when powder weights for the same cartridge changed with the development of new, smokeless powders and manufacturers started loading more than one bullet weight per cartridge. A good example of this is the original .30-40-220 Krag Jorgenson cartridge which has been called, during its history, the .30-40 Krag, the .30 Krag and the .30 Army.

"Then, even greater variety entered the cartridge name game. The practice of using the first part of the nomenclature to designate calibre hung on. But, after that, the door was wide open. For the .250-3000, the 3000 indicated muzzle velocity.

The .257 Roberts was named after its designer, while others, such as the 35 Remington, were named after the company that first developed them. The latter was a sensible trend, since it did have some explicit meaning. But the numbers habit refused to die. The famous old 30-30 was officially named the .30 Winchester Centrefire. However, don't try to order a box by

(Continued on Page 30)

SUMMERTIME SHOOTING OF... TAHR AND CHAMOIS

by DON BROOKER

We had often heard that one had to climb very high for tahr in the summer months, so George, Gerald and myself decided to organise a trip during January 1973 and go and see for ourselves just how high one had to climb.

After arriving in Fox Glacier, we made arrangements with Goodwin to fly us in with his jet helicopter to a spot that he said we would do well in. Next morning we were patiently awaiting his arrival at the Whatoroa River road end, in the meantime getting eaten alive by the rather large sandflies that seemed to thrive on our repellant.

It wasn't long before Goodwin landed the machine in front of our car and we busily sorted the gear into the sling ready to hook on under the machine. We climbed in and took off for the Hanging Basin in the head of the Gunn River. The view from the machine was terrific and we soon turned into the Gunn and could see the waterfall that drained the basin we were heading for.

With a little lift of the machine we shot over the lip of the basin and were soon settling down onto a pleasant flat at about 4,000 feet. The gear was soon taken out of the sling and we made arrangements with Goodwin when to pick us up again. With a roar of the turbine he was off and we were left to the quite solitude of the mountains.

We selected a good spot for our tent and proceeded for the next hour or so to set up a good camp as we would be here for nine days. As we were putting up the tent we were being closely observed by a group of chamois not more than 400 yards away, but as they were only young animals we were not interested in shooting them.

Camp being set up, we all went for a walk up to the head of the valley to where the glacier came right down to the river. About five minutes out, I spotted a chamois buck just over the river but he did not have very good horns so we just watched him walk into some large boulders and hide. George spotted a tahr running down the glacier, but on further investigation we could find it nowhere.

The country looked good so we were feeling pretty excited as we headed back to camp just on dark. On the way back we spotted two groups of female tahr and young high up on the bluffs at around 6,000 feet, but still no sign of bulls.

We all remarked that night as we lay in our sleeping bags that the chamois appeared to be very tame and we agreed not to shoot any until we had all our bull tahr trophies.

Next morning we were up early, as we had planned to go down over the lip of the basin for a look around and stalk just above the scrub-line towards the Gunn ridge: this was where Goodwin had said we would find the bulls. After crossing the cold glacier-fed river we climbed the snowgrass spur before dropping over the lip. As we passed the lip we saw chamois watching us; they didn't seem perturbed by our presence.

Stalking down-river, all we saw was chamois — but not one worth shooting. Still no sign of bull tahr. The weather was now extremely hot, and we decided that perhaps an evening shoot would be better.

Towards evening Gerald decided to go back over the lip, while George and I stalked up-river. We stalked a chamois to about 80 yards, and I could see he had fairly good horns. But I refrained from shooting him, hoping to get him at a later date.

George and I saw plenty of female tahr but still no bulls, and we were beginning to wonder if there were any bulls here.

When Gerald came back to camp he had seen eleven chamois and three bull tahr, so we made plans to have a go at the bulls next morning. After dark that night we had a visit from the mischievious kea, which seemed to enjoy playing around with all our cooking utensils.

In the morning we were away nice and early to have a go for the bulls Gerald had seen the previous night. Just as we went over the lip of the basin, a bull tahr caught us off guard as he took off from above us. Two shots were fired but no hits were scored. We chased him around two steep guts and George finally shot him from about 250 yards. From the same spot I shot two chamois that had come out to see what all the shooting was.

They seemed to come from all over the place and chamois were appearing from everywhere. After head-skinning George's tahr out — which had horns 11½ inches long and was in good condition — we made our way back to camp. Evening time we saw a number of female tahr and young out as usual.

Next morning the weather was very misty and looked like rain as I was looking up-river from camp with the binoculars, when I spotted a big bull tahr that had appeared from high up and was working his way down to the lower slopes. He was just to the right of where I had observed a good chamois on the second day.

Gerald and I shot off up the valley to have a go for the bull, but it was a rather tricky stalk as he could see right down into the valley floor which we had to walk along to get within range. We made use of the boulders and when he put his head down to feed, we made our move. We got to within about 300–400 yards from him and had no show of getting any closer, so I decided to shoot from there. I would have to hurry though, as the fog was pouring up the valley.

I fired, and he appeared hit by the 7 x 61 mm. as he headed round the face towards the glacier. He

Members of the party display their trophies at the end of the trip, prior to being picked up by the chopper.

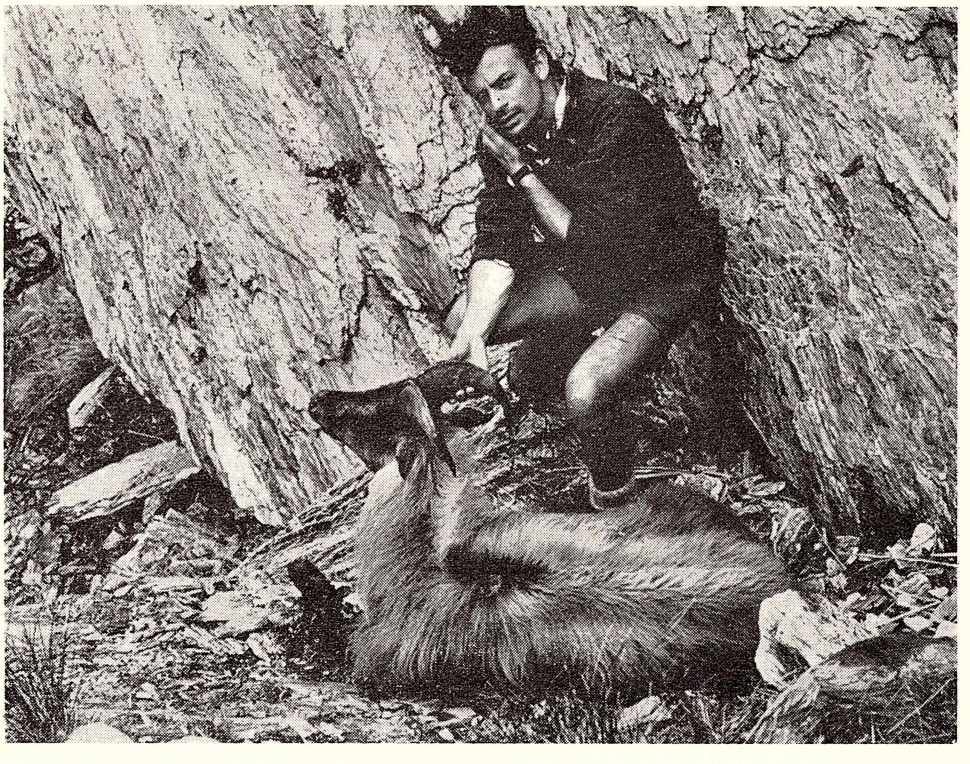

Photo shows the author with a 13¼" Bull Tahr which was sighted from the camp.

disappeared in the fog once and I thought I had lost him, then he appeared and went over the top of the waterfall out of sight. I ran up after him with Gerald some distance behind and as I breasted the top of the fall, there he was in the snowgrass, badly hit.

Another shot and he was mine. Had he rolled any further after the shot he would have gone over a 50ft. drop to the boulders in the river below, so I was lucky as he would have smashed his horns for sure. The horns measured 13¼" and were 9⅛" in the beam, so I was rather pleased. (It was placed second in National N.Z.D.A. competitions.) After head-skinning him out, we made our way back to camp through very thick fog and rain. Later that evening it really rained and came down in buckets all night.

Next day it was stlil raining very hard and we had to deepen the channels round the tent to take the water away. We spent all day in the tent . . . weather forecast for tomorrow is for fine weather again.

We woke up to find a beautiful day and not a cloud in the sky, and Gerald decided to go by himself down-river to have a go for a bull tahr. George and I decided

to see if we could find the chamois I had seen the other day. I spotted him in the same spot as previously and after a short stalk he was mine. His horns measured 9¼ inches and were very thick round the bases, so he would make a nice trophy.

We cut around another face and George shot a chamois on the other side of the river, but it only had small horns. At the same time I heard a shot from way down-river and hoped that Gerald had been successful in shooting his bull.

George and I back at the camp later in the day had a great drying session while we waited for Gerald. He turned up later with a very nice 12½" bull tahr trophy. It was the only one he had seen, but there were still plenty of chamois around. That night we listened to the Rugby Test on the radio and consequently we all slept in.

I spotted four chamois high up on the left-hand side of the camp and George elected to stalk them, so Gerald and I watched from camp. George shot two of them, but the horns were only small.

That evening we headed up to have a go for some female tahr up above the camp. On the way up George had a shot at a good-sized chamois on the other side of the river but he missed. It looked to have good horns. After losing plenty of sweat and gashing my leg after falling into a hole in the snowgrass, we arrived at a spot to wait for the female tahr to appear. The weather down-river didn't look too bright and in about 15 minutes we were engulfed in fog, and even though we waited there till 8 p.m. we had no show of seeing through the soup so headed carefully back down to camp.

The morning dawned fine but as my leg was a bit sore, Gerald and George went for a shot down-river while I tidied up around camp. When the boys arrived back they said they had seen a lot of chamois and George had shot a very nice buck with horns measuring 10¾" (later to win National N.Z.D.A. chamois trophy). He had also shot another good one but lost it over bluffs. Gerald went down the other side of the river to see if he could find the two bulls we had seen previously. He was sucessful in shooting one of them. Its horns were only 11 inches, but he was very happy with his effort.

Things were fairly bright in camp that night as we had all secured our tahr and chamois trophies and felt that we hadn't had to climb very high for the bulls. The only bull that was shot up high was the big one I shot. Mostly they seemed to hang around in the lower scrub and it was the females and their young that were high up on the bluffs.

We had a very lazy next day as Goodwin said he may come in and pick us up. We packed most of the gear apart from the tent and had tea at 5 p.m., and then put all cooking gear away. At 6.15 p.m. Goodwin screamed in and landed just next to the tent. He said

(Continued on Page 30)

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A DAY ON THE MOHAKA

by 'SAM'

It was the last fishing day on our trip to the Mohaka River. The day before had been bad for me fish-wise. I had lost five good Rainbows in the 3–5 lb. class before finally landing a moderate Brownie — salve for my wounded pride.

We hiked upstream between bush crowned bluffs, linking arms to cross the river. Although low, in the middle of the Christmas holidays, the bottom was slippery and the current swift enough to bowl you over — no trouble.

Nothing eventuated for several pools as all the easily accessible water had been 'thrashed' over Christmas. Then David was into one. It fought like a miniature marlin, leaping all over the pool, but was finally landed —a beautiful 4½lb rainbow. The emerald pool and the proud angler with his prize were recorded to back up our fishing yarns when we returned.

While I crossed a shallow channel to retrieve a snagged spinner, the boys went on upstream. On this trip our fly rods didn't get much of a look-in. Spinners seemed to be a more effective way of covering the deep swift pools. No doubt, however, the fly would have been a more effective weapon on those big browns that would sit like shadows behind the spoon yet never take.

By the time I caught up with my mates at the next pool, David was gutting his second fish—a 2½lb brown. In the same pool I lost my first fish for the day. It was classic. A smashing strike, head shaking jump, then two splashes — one the fish, the other my thrown lure.

To say I was annoyed would be mild. Then Grant, my other companion, opened his score with a 3lb rainbow. Like all Mohaka fish it fought long and hard in the swift water. The majority of the fish seemed to be sitting in the lower third of the rapids and fast runs. Few fish were in the still pools during the day.

Several pools and some half-hearted follows later, David lost a nice fish in very fast water. I made the appropriate condolling noises and moved upstream a few yards. I retrieved downstream through heavy pressure waves, then wham! This time I held it for three jumps and fifteen seconds. The cliffs echoed my curses. The next fish fell to Grant — a 4¾-pound brown which fought poorly in the fast water. He then promptly lost a rainbow.

The next crossing was the worst I have ever experienced. Swift water churned waist deep over large slippery boulders. We left all superfluous gear — shirts, cameras, fishing packs — on the bank and taking only rods and lures, started across. We were dragged slowly downstream, getting knocked over in turns. First I would get knocked down, then David would lose his footing. We would both recover and Grant would get ploughed under. The situation was not potentially dangerous. Unencumbered as we were, we could have swum out of it easily. We staggered out of the water on the far side, laughing like madmen. It had been a really slapstick affair.

The author makes adjustment to the landing net as Grant pumps a fish in.

In the head of that rapid I touched another fish. He was around three pounds and I struck him savagely to make sure he was well hooked. He made some really powerful runs with the force of the water behind him. I got some line back at times, but the fish edged down to where the river ran down to a cliff face, then curved into the next pool. If he made it there, I could never bring him back or even hold him.

I worked him hard and eventually got him into a small pocket of water close to the bank, and David closed in with the net; but I had held him too hard. That sickening moment when the line goes slack "I've lost him", and he slowly fins out into the current . . . I said nothing. I was too disillusioned.

We moved on and it was David's turn again. A deep glistening 5½lb rainbow hen. The collapsible landing net lived up to its name and collapsed at the vital moment — just as I was lifting the exhausted fish from the water. This structural failure didn't save the fish's life, however. It was interned like the others, to be collected on the way back downstream.

It was David's day. The next thing he hooked was a large piece of weed, which turned out to be a 3lb 'pick handle' in disguise. Feeling him not beyond redemption he was released — more of him later.

It finally happened — I caught a fish! A scrappy little 1½-pounder, and I was so desperate I kept him. (This was the fish No. 13 for the season. Perhaps this explains the difficulty I had in catching him.) The fishing god punished me for this fall from grace by letting me hook and almost land a reasonable Brownie. This fish managed to stay just outside net range with a peculiar flicking movement of the tail. I had to watch him swim slowly back into the run — after the hook pulled out.

It was getting on, and time to return downstream and retrieve our buried fish on the way back to camp. As the boys unearthed and washed David's 5½-pounder, I flicked a few hopeless casts into the pool. I turned to admire the fish — the biggest of the trip — and my

rod bent. I looked upstream and a huge, red-flanked rainbow was suspended in mid-air. I slowly connected the two facts in my muddled brain . . .

"I've got one!" I yelled the piscatorial war cry to my mates. The fish ran downstream and I wound in slack, waiting for the lure to pop out of the water at my rod-tip. It didn't I saw a silver flash in the deep green pool and the reel screamed at me. Over the next five minutes I would alternatively pump the fish in close and she would run back into the secret depths of the pool.

"Come on you beauty," I heard myself imploring the fish. Every second I waited for the line to slacken, the fish to escape, but again it didn't. As I finally beached her, David followed up with the net — no chances on this one. A twin to the bullet-headed, slab-sided 4½-pounder David had got first thing.

"Yahoo!" I yelled — they must have heard me in Hastings.

Grant got another 1½-pounder lower down and David a 3-pounder — quite dead. It was the slaw we had released about two miles upstream. He just hadn't made it. We took all of our fish on my favourite spinner — the Zebra Toby, a deadly lure on the Mohaka, even when most of the black paint was gone.

Apart from a few minor brushes with some large trout-hungry eels, there's not much else to tell. We had no trouble at the crossing that had given us so much trouble on the way up. We did the obvious thing and swam across.

The day ended with nine fish — a couple to take home each, and by the time we arrived back at camp . . well, we didn't need much rocking that night. ■

THE MAN WHO PERMITS THE FISH TO CHASE HIM

by RODERICK WILKINSON

I know a man who catches fish FIRST — then talks about it SECOND. And to hear him talk you'd think he was the most expert, purest, delicate-casting fly-fisher you'd ever met in your life. But he doesn't fool ME. I know how he catches them.

Maybe George forgets the first time we fished together. It was on the North Esk near Montrose and it was one of those full-blown April days with the high clouds scudding across the blue sky. The water was high and clear and as soon as we got ourselves down to the river bank, I waded off upstream to where the rough white water fanned out gorgeously into the pools. And there I flogged my wet flies, starting exultantly, then, as the fruitless hours passed, finishing with dejected, sad casts which convinced me I was getting no fish at all.

About noon I came back along the river to the big pool beyond the bridge. George was sitting on the bank —sitting, mind you—with two large sea trout laid out beside him.

I said, "Where did you get these?"

"In there."

"In the pool?"

"Yes."

"On what?"

"Worm."

"Worm?" You're joking!"

"I'm not a-joking. The big one's four pounds."

"But that water's almost still — there's hardly any flow in it."

"I know."

"How did you get them?"

George lit a cigarette, flicked the match away and picked up his rod. I sat down beside him. It was only then I noticed that he was using his spinning rod, that the nylon line was right out and the business end was already in the water in the middle of that large, wide, deep pool.

"Tell me," I said. 'I'm fascinated."

He reeled in his line gently. "Your trouble, friend, is that **you** chase the fish."

"And there's some **other** method?"

"There is." He carefully eased out of the water a large gobble of worms at the end of his nylon line. "**I** permit the fish to chase **me.**"

"Do they ever catch you?"

He nodded to the two sea trout. "**They** did." He brought in the gobble of worms and examined it in his turn. "First you use the right size of hook — a large one. Then you use the right kind of worms — large, fat blackheads."

"That sounds easy."

"Next you make sure the hook is adequately concealed by threading each worm right up through the hook" — he opened his worm box and selected a monster — "threading another worm on now and then to keep the gobble fresh and wriggling."

"Then what?"

He held up a little lozenge-shaped lead weight further up the nylon. "And you weight it according to the strength of the river current."

"Simple."

"As you say — a piece of cake!" He threaded the new worm on to the hook, concealing the barb and curve entirely. "All the rest may be done as in watching a tennis match — from a sitting position."

"**Game** fishing? Sitting?"

He cast out the leaded worm-bait so that it went into the far side of the pool with a dull plonk. "By my method, friend, one may catch whales. It's all a matter of attitude. Fish eat food in order of priority just as you do. You prefer steak to cabbage. You also prefer cheese to bread. Fish have preferences, too — except that they don't have such a wide range available."

"Get to the point," I said. Don't give me all this biology milarky."

George gently baled out more nylon line as his bait drifted slowly a few feet with the water. "Trout, sea trout and salmon prefer worm to anything else."

"All the time?"

"Most of the time."

"A gobble of worms?"

"Correct."

I watched the line as it drifted very very slowly into the middle of the dark pool. "Now what happens?" I asked.

"Some hungry fish somewhere in this pool has seen that delectable, tantalising dish and is wandering warily out of its lurking position under the far bank to investigate his unbounded good luck."

After a couple of minutes I saw the nylon — almost imperceptibly — move. I'm not too sure how it moved, but it did. I said, "It seemed to move."

"Correct. That's a fish sniffing round the best epicurian bonanza he's seen all week."

The nylon was now definitely moving. I watched it as it gently straightened out. "Something's happening."

"That is so." He tenderly baled out another foot of line. "I'm anxious to see that he gets what is known as a good gob-ful for his lunch."

The line drifted easily and quickly towards the far bank. I almost shouted, "He's on!"

"He's nothing of the kind." George softly clicked back his balewinder and lifted the rod very very gently. "He's simply taken the goodies to his lie."

"Strike him!" I yelled.

"One other essential of this kind of fishing which I forgot to mention, friend, is to keep your trap shut and have patience." He poised the rod in the air, two fingers crooked softly round the nylon just above the spool.

"You'll miss him!" I was getting desperate watching him.

"Not at all. You wait. You let him take it all till you're sure he has a mouthful and then" — he struck quickly and strongly — "you hit him."

The rod bent over like a question mark. The line straightened out, taut as a wire, and it swung right upstream as George wound the line against the whining clutch of the reel.

"Boy — look at that! He's on!" I shouted.

George held the straining rod against his stomach as the unseen fish zig-zagged the line all over the pool. Suddenly the fish appeared. Like a living torpedo, it came right out of the water in a wild leap and splashed back as if a railway sleeper had been thrown into the pool.

Five minutes later I helped George by netting the fish. It was a sea trout of five pounds.

"And that," said George, rising stiffly to his feet, "is how you catch fish."

As I say, George is a wormer at heart. Let him talk all he likes about the glories of dry-fly fishing and the gentle art of deceiving fish by artifice, nobody is deceived by George.

He puts first things first. ■

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Summertime Shooting of Tahr & Chamois (Continued from Page 27)

he thought he had better get us out that night as there was a cold front coming up next morning. Camp was pulled down in record time and then we piled into the machine for the flight out.

On the way out Goodwin took us for a short trip down the Gunn ridge and we saw approximately 40 to 50 chamois . . . they were great to watch from the machine, but we couldn't see any good horns amongst them. We then turned and headed back to the car, passing on the way over the Gunn Hut which was lying on its roof having been blown off its piles.

Ten minutes later we were in our car heading north to meet up with Goodwin again and my old mate Harker to spend the night with them.

We all agreed that one didn't have to climb very high for the bull tahr during the summer months as they were all down in the scrub, probably pushed down there by the helicopter operators. It was only the females and young tahr that stayed up on the rocky crags. ■

Remington News (Continued from Page 24)

that name today. Then, the well-known 30-06 stands for the calibre and the year of its official acceptance by the Army.

"Varying the name game even more came the European designations that used millimetres instead of fractions of inches. Thus, the 7 x 57 indicates the calibre and cartridge case length, both in millimetres.

"*Well,* you say, *one can at least go by the first number as a true indication of the calibre.* Right? Well, yes and no. The calibre is usually the bore diameter of the rifle barrel, from land to land, which is smaller than bullet diameter. Thus, a true 30 calibre barrel, with grooves .004″ deep, takes a bullet of .308″ diameter. So, most calibres stand for bore diameter — except some such as the .257, .308 and .375, which stand for bullet diameter.

"Confusing? Maybe so. But shooters seem to be able to sort it all out. And it's no more confusing than autos named after fish or horses. Such names were obviously chosen to suggest speed or grace, and the fad seems to have caught on." ■

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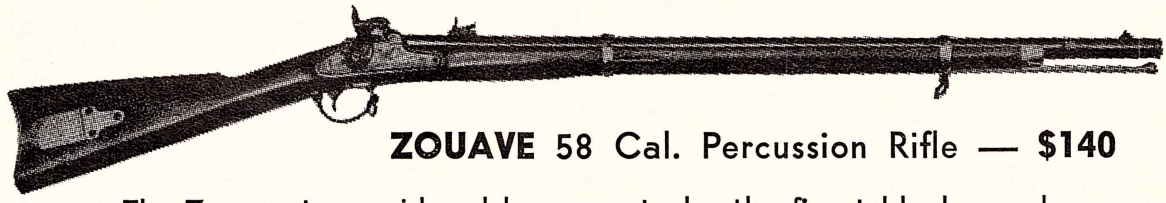

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GUN DOG TRIAL RESULTS

Otago Gun Dog Club

Trials were held at Fairfield on 23rd June, 1974.

Open—Land, 2 bird (Judge, A. R. Ross): W. Bryce's Playgirl Penny (97 pts.), 1st; W. Bryce's Pearl of Playland (94), 2nd; J. Reeves' Kim of Leaderville (94), 3rd.

Limit—Land, 2 bird (Judge, W. Bryce): A. Hamilton's Shaun of Leaderville (78 points), 1st; G. Beattie's Tallboy Golden Boy (77), 2nd; B. Sutton's Lady Hillary (77), 3rd.

Novice—Land, 1 bird (Judge, A. Hurrell): J. List's Prince (92 points), 1st; M. Hay's Maid (87), 2nd; G. Tippet's Cas (79), 3rd.

Puppy—Land, 1 bird (Judge, E. B. Stuart): Mrs E. Sparrow's Sandy of Beacon Hill (93 points), 1st; M. Hay's Maid (90), 2nd.

Unofficial (Judge, J. Todd): W. Bryce's Playgirl Penny (97 points), 1st; W. Bryce's Pearl of Playland (94), 2nd.

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Canterbury Gun Dog Club

Results of 1974 Club Championships held at Motukarara on July 12th and 13th.

All Breeds (Judges, R. M. Payton and J. W. Stanton): W. Streeter's Lab. "Telstar Andrea" (175 pts.), 1st; G. Jackson's Lab. "Big Chief of Red Valley" and M. P. Leatam's Sp.Sp. "Wendy of Gunstar" (171), 2nd equal.

Spaniel Championship (Judge, C. Thyne): M. P. Leatham's Sp.Sp. "Shane of Pridevilla" (158 points), 1st.

Retriever Championship (Judges, M. P. Leatham and L. Armitage): N. Frith's Lab. "Davick Charcoal" (179 points), 1st; W. A. Streeter's Lab. "Telstar Andrea" (171), 2nd; P. Stuart's Lab. "Glehquish Prince" (169), 3rd.

Pointer and Setter Championship (Judge, W. Streeter): W. Donaldson's G.S.H.P. "Vorsterhund Helga" (83 points), 1st; J. Joiner's G.S.H.P. "Ingo of Munich" (80), 2nd; R. M. Morten's G.S.H.P. "Parlyn Tanzer" (69), 3rd.

Puppy — Land: Mrs M. Dobson's Golden Ret. "Moorfield Carmen" (93 points), 1st; Mrs F. Sparrow's Lab. "Sandy of Beacontill" (92), 2nd; Mrs P. Poulton's Sp.Sp. "Duke" (88), 3rd.

Puppy — Water: Mrs M. Dobson's Golden Ret. "Moorfield Carmen" and Mrs P. Poulton's Sp.Sp. "Mark" (84 points), 1st; Mrs F. Sparrow's Lab. "Sandy of Beacontill" (81), 3rd.

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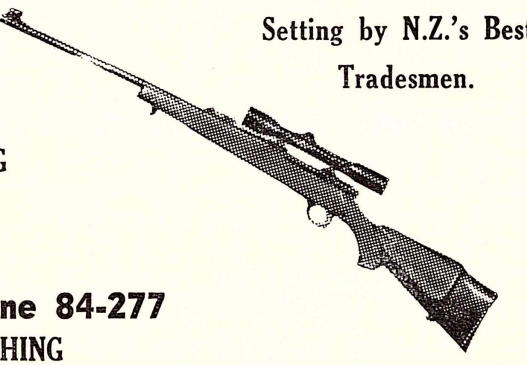

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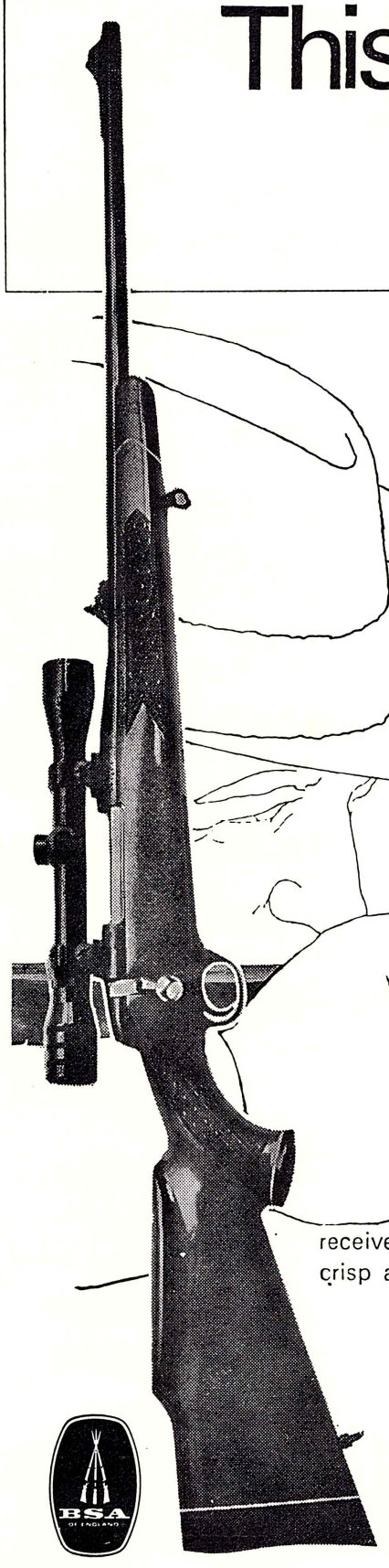

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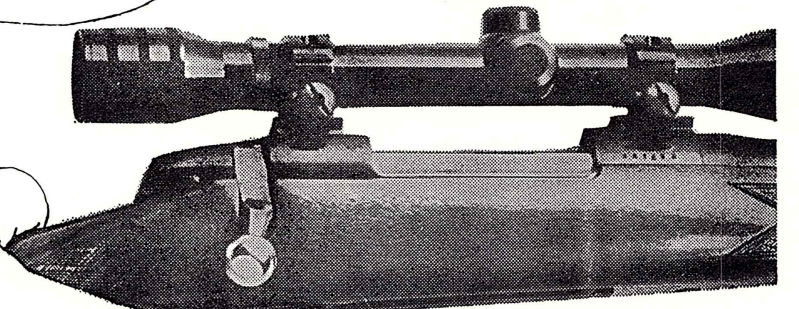

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